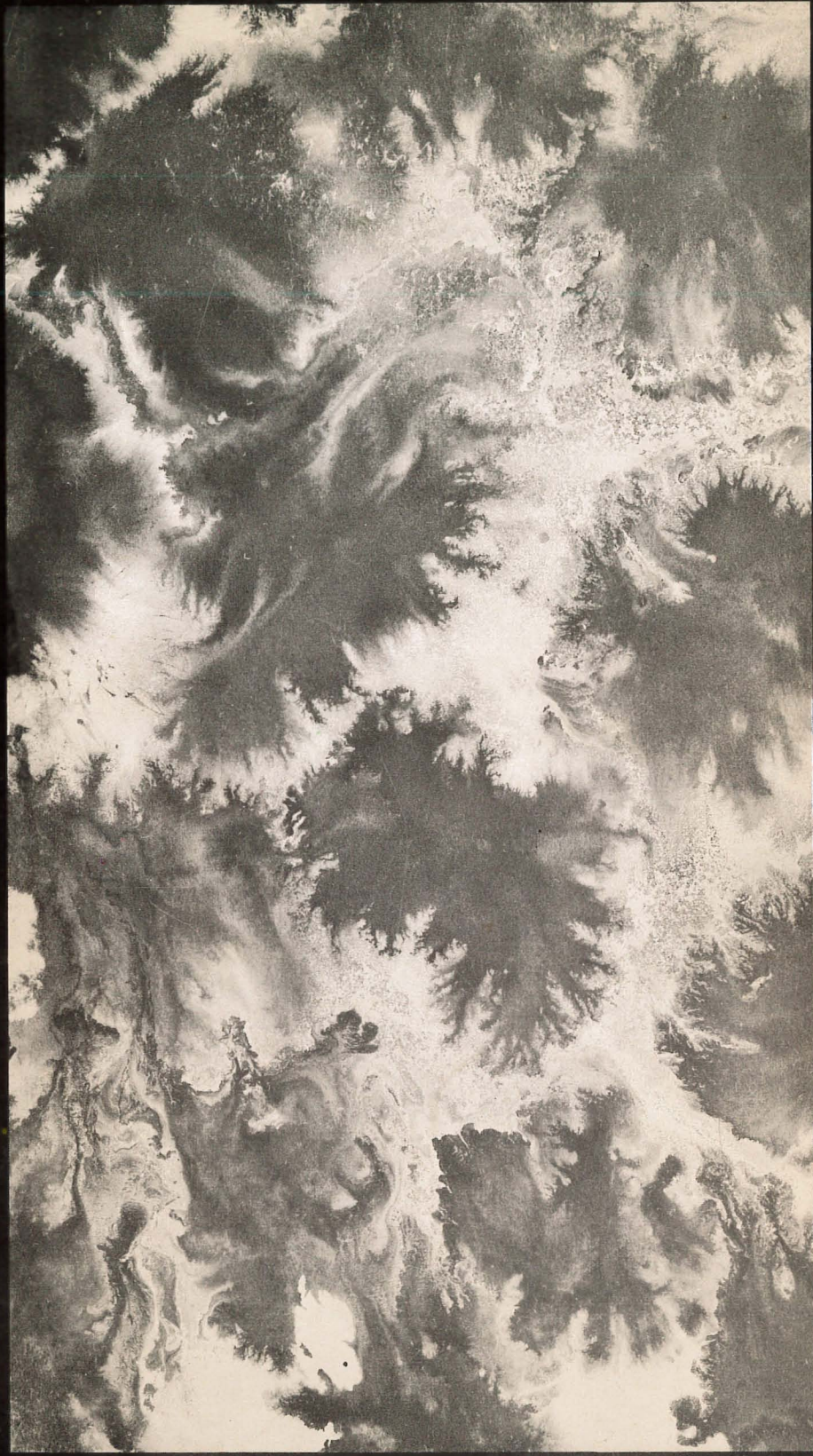
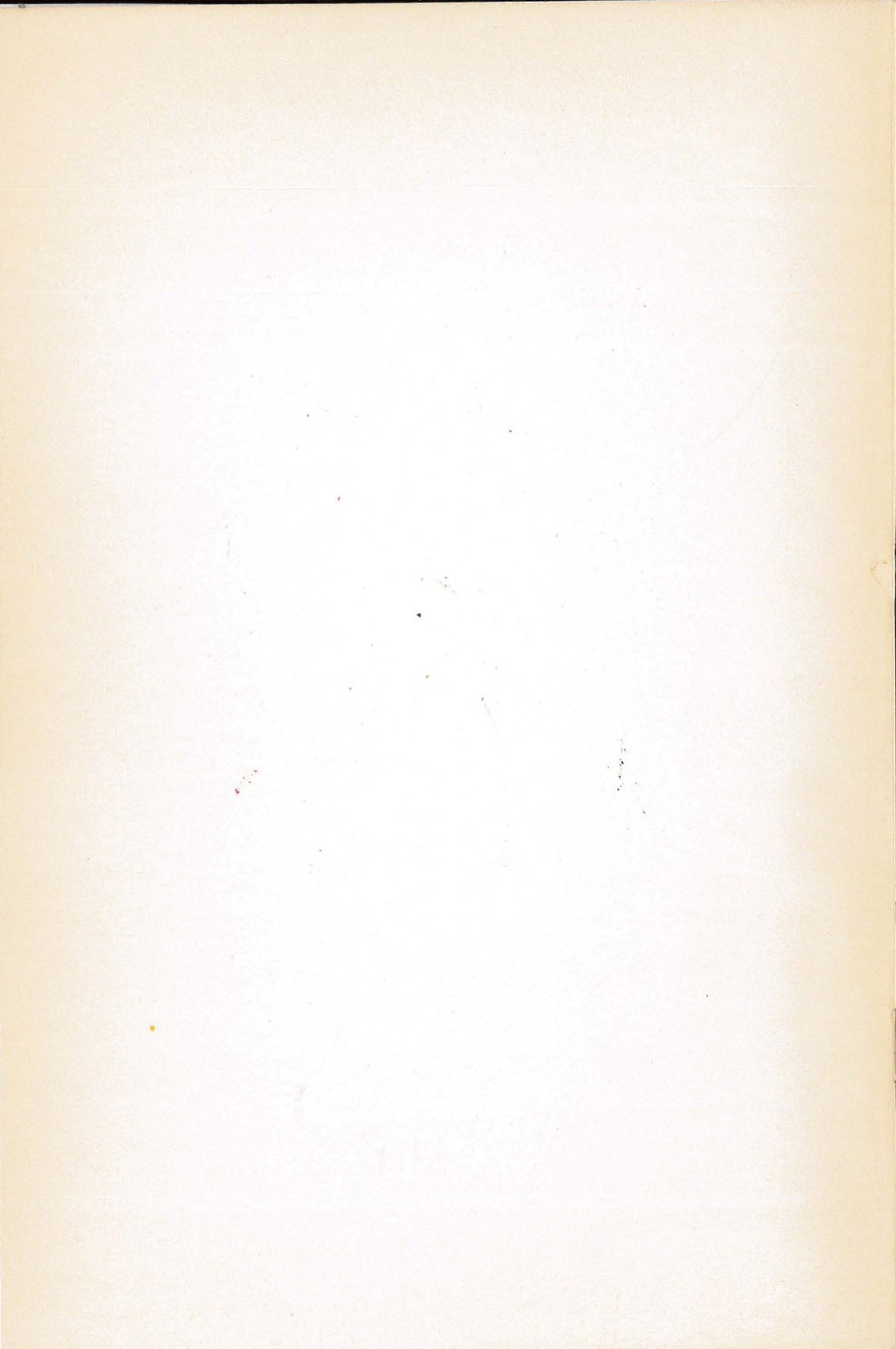


# *Patterns '69*

ST. CLAIR COUNTY COMMUNITY COLLEGE







# P r e f a c e

This eleventh issue of **Patterns** marks a milestone inasmuch as we have gone beyond the decade for the Contest in writing and art.

Here it is only appropriate to express gratitude to the Department of English and the Art Department for their fine co-operation and lively enthusiasm in supporting this College activity in which we strive for excellence. Further, it gives great pleasure to receive contributions from those students who enter the Contest independently.

Full measure of gratitude should go to James Browning, former Dean of the College, for heartily supporting the proposal of the Contest and the publication of winning and selected entries in **Patterns**. The first publication appeared at the close of the 1957-1958 academic year.

This year's entries numbered one hundred and eighty-two. Of this number twenty-six were short stories; seventy-one were poems; four were critical essays; twenty-one were personal essays, and sixty were art entries.

We congratulate the students of St. Clair County Community College for their participation in the Contest and their continued interest in **Patterns**.

Blanche Redman, Director

## Judges:

Richard Colwell

Ronald E. Healy

Blanche Redman

## Art Judges:

Vincent McPharlin, Chairman

Dan Dacey, Art Department

Earl Robinette, Art Department

Blanche Redman

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For Alton F. Reeves: This 1969 issue of **Patterns** especially honors one who has placed the stamp of excellence here at the College and, indeed, throughout Port Huron and the surrounding area for more years than many of us can recall.

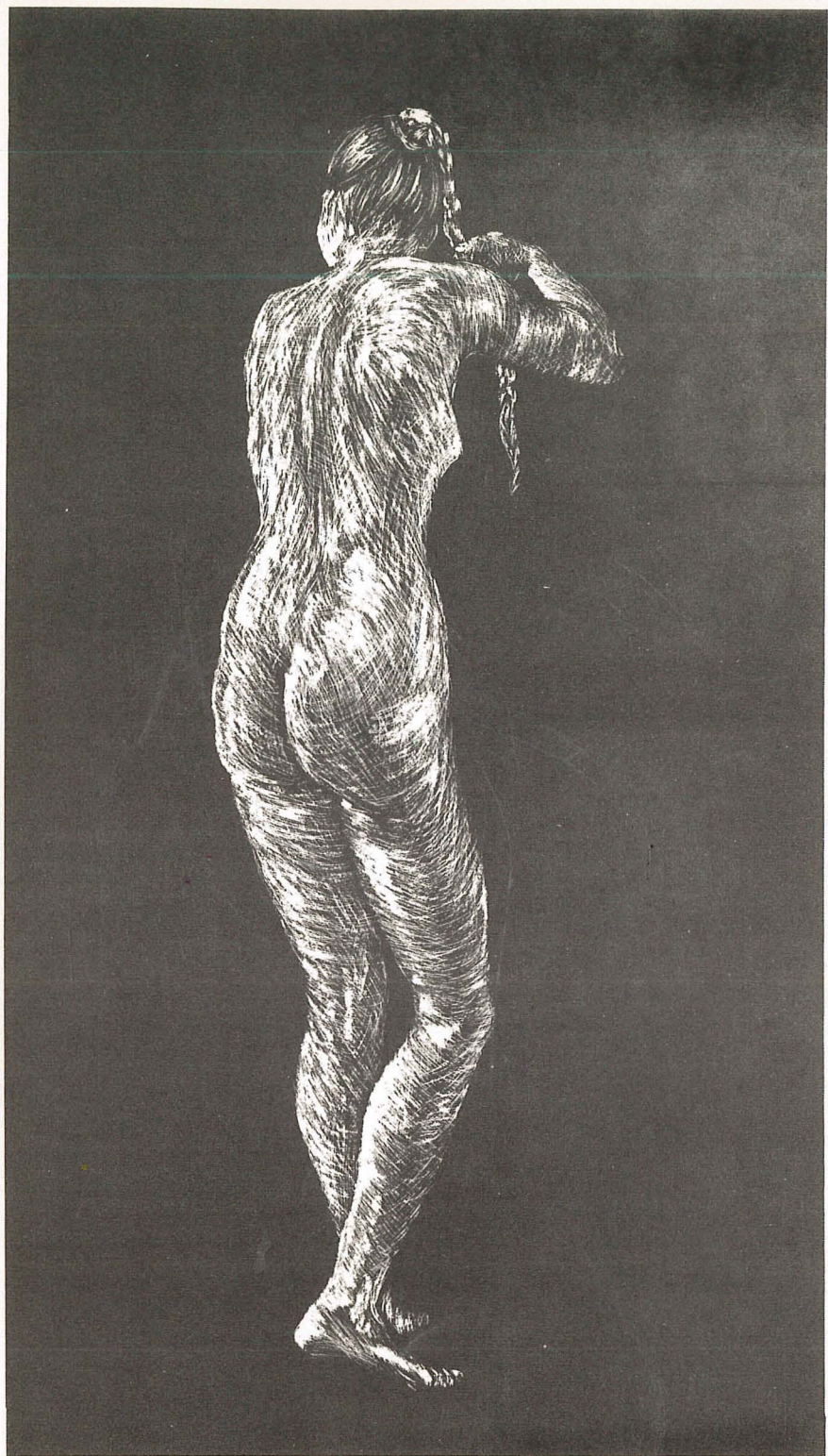
In the wide range of the Humanities — music from the world's finest composers, art to the far reaches of Asia and Africa, and most certainly into all the facets of the world's literature — his presence has been felt to the advantage of all of us.

He has imbued students and faculty with the abiding sense of the dignity and of the challenge of man as one of God's special creations.

In our small way, we wish to honor Alton F. Reeves as an excellent teacher, a fine scholar, and a gentleman in the true sense of the word.



**short story**



by Jean Baker



# The Dolls

by

N. Knowlton

The boy entered the church and shook his red hair free from the soft summer rain like a swimmer breaking water. Mr. Fitch was at the organ. He was playing something wild and fierce, yet intricate, with interwoven variations on a theme. Steve hoped Mr. Fitch would be playing this afternoon and because he had to sort it out and knowing the music would help, had stopped on his way to Ash Street.

He sat in a worn, satin-oak pew at the rear of the church. It was gloomy. The only light came from a single bulb above the organ next to the altar. Mr. Fitch's head, the only part that Steve could see, was bobbing, swaying, nodding violently, thin hair haloing gold spectacles on peaked nose. But he knew Mr. Fitch's fine long fingers were flying, black-slipped feet slithering, darting and stabbing at the base keys, for Steve had watched fascinated, on many Sundays, from his seat in the choir loft.

The pew trembled as the music flooded the church, lapped granite walls, tickled the feet of glass, lead-hinged disciples as they marched in colored virtue, window by window, in increasing order of importance toward the cross, starting from the one who betrayed, to the one who doubted, to the few who believed and finally, to the fisherman who would lead. The swift counterpoint drowned the topsills, flowed up flying arches to the dark-domed ceiling and trapped there, eddied and sluiced downward, a whirlpool of sound. And Steve, in the vortex, tingling with it, moving with it, wanted, prayed for it to go on and on and never end and knowing that it would — had to end, for the voice that once was silver-high, cracked now and Mr. Fitch, usually hard and angry at choir practice, gentle at his first croak, telling him to come back in a couple years and tiny Mrs. Hunt asking him over to see her dolls — DOLLS, JEEZE — her gray eyes asking something else and he only half-knowing from the whispers, afraid of the beginning, felt vaguely sad and very lonely and his big hands clung whitely to the seat as the music washed through him.

Mr. Fitch stopped playing and silence leached the drifting echoes. He gathered his music, switched off the light and walked down the long corridor leading to the rectory. Steve started to call to Mr. Fitch, but changed his mind.

As he sat in the darkness, Steve knew he should go; Mrs. Hunt would be waiting, yet the desperate wish to form substance from shadow made him stay. His thoughts returned to that first day she had spoken to him. It was during a break in practice. Steve had walked into the small, high-walled garden adjoining the church. He came there often because it was green and peaceful and sometimes, if he was lucky and if the street-noise wasn't too loud, he could pretend that he was in the country, where the thin blue patch, lightly veiled by waving limbs, fattened the horizon. On that day, dying winter still battled young spring. Dirty melting snow lay in heaps, like wet newspapers, with bullet-headed tulips spearing through and she was there, stand-

ing in the soggy grass. Cold sunshine outlined her face so clearly that Steve could see the fine blond down on her cheek. An unfamiliar sweet longing filled him; his stomach rolled, and he thought he might be sick.

Mrs. Hunt was holding a cigarette. "Do you have a —, no, never mind, there must be some in here." Her rich contralto reached for him. He knew if he attempted to answer, he would stutter. He turned out his pockets hastily and silently vowed to carry matches forever. She had found a match and, after pausing expectantly, lit the cigarette. Steve realized too late that she wanted him to light it for her, and he blushed. He watched her smoke and tried to think of something to say. He was afraid she would become bored and leave him, taking that scary feeling, his feeling, with her. Windsounds scattered the long pause. The wind snatched white curls from her nose and with casket moans swept them out of the garden and up the steelcrete canyon.

"I thought your solo was great last Sunday, Mrs. Hunt," Steve was finally able to squeeze something out.

"Well thanks, Steve. I consider that a real compliment coming from such a big, handsome young man like you."

She had continued talking then, and the strangeness between them subsided. She asked him about school and joked about how many girl friends he had. Steve had just barely managed short, mumbled responses. He couldn't seem to stop blushing.

While she had talked, he found himself staring at her mouth. It was opening and closing, white teeth shining and hiding, shining again. Her lips were thin and red and very wet from her sliding tongue. He felt as if he had never seen a woman's mouth before. He tried to remember the shape of his mother's, but watching Mrs. Hunt and feeling the loose quiver in his stomach, he couldn't concentrate. She was so close her smell was with him and seeing the fine hair on her face and her lips moving wetly, her soft voice singing, Steve had a sudden urge to kiss her. He thought of the boisterous, teasing kisses stolen with laughter from neighborhood girls and mourned the loss of that happy, far-off time. He felt new strength bursting inside. Yet in the same half-breath, he wanted to weep and run from her and hide in a dark place.

But her gray eyes had held him. They had an impersonal, searching insistence as though they were not part of the trivial talk. They seemed to overlook his first halting quest for some common ground between grown woman and growing boy. It was as if she were waiting for a signal from him and Steve, bewildered because he couldn't really understand the question, felt lost at not providing the answer.

They never talked in the garden again, although he managed to meet her as often as possible. He tried to make the meetings look accidental and it seemed, perhaps he was only wishing it, that she was helping him in the game. It was always the same, small talk and quiet laughter, his blushes almost under control now. But beneath the words, the other unspoken part remained, for her glance never softened, never wavered, never moved from his. He thought he might be mistaken about the hidden thing and watched her when she was with the other boys in the choir, for she was very popular. She seemed different with them.



Steve thought he saw a slight reserve in her manner and her eyes, with them, were quick and casual.

Then last week, after his voice had broken and he knew he wouldn't see her again, Steve had tried very hard to dismiss the deep sense of unknowable loss. His friends thought he was crying because his voice had changed and were shyly, boyishly sympathetic. He was almost to the bus stop when he felt her hand on his arm. "I'm sorry about your voice, Steve; that's a shame." Steve thought she sounded happy and excited. "I'm sorry too. I'm going to miss the kids and all the fun and everything ——— and you." Sadness made his voice skip and tumble from one octave to another. He was grateful for the dusk.

"Well that's what I was going to tell you. You don't have to miss me. I can help you with your school work."

"How can you do that, Mrs. Hunt; you aren't a teacher?"

"You told me you were taking History and Geography, and I have this collection at home that will help you understand foreign countries and their people and all."

"What kind of a collection?"

"Dolls."

"Dolls?" Steve pictured himself in Mrs. Hunt's living room playing dolls, and the deep pressure inside was released in wild laughter. She didn't laugh; instead she squeezed his arm and stamped her foot impatiently, and although he couldn't see her gray eyes, he felt them.

"Yes, dolls. Why not? I have a Dutch girl with real wooden shoes, an Indian girl with a real Sari made of silk. Do you know what a Sari is?" She didn't let him answer; instead she talked faster and faster in her husky voice. Steve felt her trembling beside him. "I didn't think so! I have Japanese Geisha, a Balinese dancing girl, a French Apache, a Russian Cossack and lots of others. You could learn a lot at my house, Steve."

"Your husband would throw me out if I came over to play dolls with you."

"Not to play, silly, to learn! Besides he works the four to midnight shift."

He had continued to object, feeling that it was all unreal, a humid, summertime dream, yet in the end found himself saying yes to her pleas. And sitting there in the dark church he was suddenly conscious of the hard oak on his buttocks and wondered again why he had agreed. The rain will be over pretty soon, he thought. I could go back home and get a ball game going. Why me? She must be twice as old as me. He thought of yellowing stacks of calendars, their dated pages withered and gone. And why right now? If she was so worried about my school work why didn't she ask me before?

His mind nibbled at the edge of the dark core. He was afraid to acknowledge, even to his most secret being, what his senses in their simplicity, had already accepted. Yet he felt that if the almost-known was true, if the strange jokes and crude laughter of the older boys was the sad, dead center of it, if there was no beauty or warmth

or love in it, then he would have to accept this, too, and thinking of her, blonde and warm and waiting in the house on Ash Street, Steve knew he had to find the answer. He ran from the church and boarded a bus.

The rain had stopped. A crisp tinge of ozone was in the air as he walked up the street. He liked the freshness of the city after a rain. He smelled the green lawns and wet sidewalks. He watched the Jays playing among fat Buckeyes cased in green, thorny pods. Everything seemed to be in a clearer, sharper focus. He thought that if he listened hard enough, he would be able to hear the worms burrowing under the sod. He felt very powerful and for the first time in his life, really alive.

On the steps of Mrs. Hunt's house a big gray cat tongued itself clean, giving him an insolent stare as he knocked.

"Hi, Steve. Come on in. I thought you were never going to get here."

"Hi, Mrs. Hunt. Just wanted to wait till it quit raining."

"Please call me Ruth. Now that we're ———since we're alone. Let me take your jacket." She was close and smiling, her eyes very sure, not questioning any longer. Steve felt the hot, slightly-sick movement inside and was glad he had come.

She draped his jacket over a chair and walked slowly away from him. "I suppose you're anxious to begin. The dolls are in here." He followed the soft kriss-kriss sound of rubbing nylons into the bedroom.

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## **Black Womankind**

by

**Vivian Mattic**

I am a black woman worn with time  
I am a black woman ready to die  
I'll live just long enough to raise some blacks  
But oh no one forgets I'm black

I am a black woman educated in the home  
I am a black woman aiding the black man's pride  
I'll live just long enough to raise some blacks  
But oh no one forgets I'm black

I am a black woman in a white man's world  
I am a black woman degraded in that world  
I'll live just long enough to raise some blacks  
But oh no one forgets I'm black

I am a black woman with a pure white soul  
I am a black woman with a heart wrapped in gold  
I'll live just long enough to raise some blacks  
But oh no one forgets I'm black

I am a black woman blacker than all nights  
I am a black woman always looking through the light  
I'll live just long enough to raise some blacks  
But oh no one forgets I'm black



# Lost at Sea

by

John H. Owen

BROWNELL — In loving memory of our  
dear son, Stephen Brownell, Able  
Seaman who was lost at sea,  
November 12th, 1942. Always  
remembered by the family.

The shock of the ice cold water roused him almost as soon as he bobbed to the surface. He regained consciousness in time to note two things. First and most frightening was the huge wave rapidly bearing down on him. It was cresting slightly before the gale force winds and a thin white-cap was visible along most of the crest. The wave towered above him, and he thought that he would surely be drowned. As he rose to the top of the wave, buoyed up by his life jacket, he was able to see fairly clearly the second and more serious situation. The corvette was at that moment plowing through the top of the next wave. Water was breaking over the bow and the entire fore-deck was awash. He realized without surprise that the ship was not turning back. To come about in these seas would have been nearly impossible and would have endangered the entire crew.

Even in his slightly dazed condition he recognized his situation. He tried briefly to think of a solution, but already the cold was numbing his senses. Back at the training ship, had there been any procedures for lifesaving under these circumstances? He didn't think so and pondered only briefly on the matter. There was no drill for this situation. In calmer weather when they were not hunting a submarine, there was a well rehearsed sequence of bringing the ship about and heaving a line. For a moment he could almost visualize the high grey side of the ship sliding up alongside of him. He could see the activity on board, engines full astern to not run him down, men with lines gathered on deck and a man over the rail ready to jump if more help was required.

Driven spray soaked his face. He shook his head and the vision was gone. When he looked about he could no longer see the corvette.

The next wave slowly lifted him to its crest, and for a brief moment he saw the ship's superstructure half a mile away. He had not even been missed. If anyone on board had seen him go they would at least have dropped a life raft with the hope that he could make his way to it. Such a gesture would have been wasted. Already he knew that he would not have the strength to climb over the side.

It had all happened so rapidly. One moment he had stepped on deck to secure the lashings on a depth charge and the next he was in the water. Damn submarines anyway.

He wasn't really so cold now. Must be getting used to it. Looking around, he could see only the steep slopes of the waves which approached and receded with violent regularity. Each time at the crest he looked for the ship but it was not to be seen. It would soon be

dusk. Even when they did miss him, he would be an almost invisible speck on the surface of the heaving grey sea. He tried to think of something pleasant. His mind dwelt briefly on the cows in the pasture of his grandfather's farm. As far back as he could remember they had always seemed peaceful. It was a scent that had frequently crossed his mind. He had often climbed on the wooden gate and watched the cattle slowly eating their way across the field toward the barn for milking.

The crest of a wave broke over him, and he gasped for breath. For a moment, panic struck. He knew with a sudden clarity that he was going to die. How long did they claim a man would last in the North Atlantic in the winter ——— two minutes? How long had he been in the water ——— a few seconds or hours? It didn't really matter. He wasn't nearly so cold now. He thought of looking to see if the sun had come out. He suddenly felt too tired and indifferent to look.

His mind wandered to a camping trip taken with his father one summer. How long ago was it? It could have been years ago or only last month. There had been a storm and the tent had blown down and they had been cold and soaked. His mother had laughed when they had told her about it. He could hear her laughing and laughing. He suddenly wanted to go home. He could hear them all laughing. What were they laughing about? He couldn't remember.

Another huge wave crested over him and when it passed, the figure in the life jacket did not move. A sea bird that had been blown far off shore circled briefly to make sure that no danger existed. This piece of flotsam could not hurt him. The bird landed on his shoulder.

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## A Candle and I

by

Alan Bishop

Leaping tongue a candle's lit,  
A breeze to take its breath,  
While satin wings about it flit  
To win its pure young breast.

Pulsing high and low  
Within a pool of death  
A wick slowly wiser grows  
And behind its layers, nests.

Old, a weary flame burns all.  
Thoughts, reflections, within it grow.  
Dripping down they slowly fall  
To the pool which all must flow.



"I call it mine: God's gift to me,  
From September until June.  
It heals my hurt; it warms my heart;  
And I'm sure that very soon  
The lesson that it teaches me  
Will warm me thro' and thro';  
For it seems as though God's blessed smile  
Shines thro' my 'Patch of Blue.' "

— Anonymous\*

Near the mouth of the sewer stream, hands on hips, he stood thinking. His father's worn army jacket hung ridiculously big on his scrawny body. But it didn't matter; he just rolled up the sleeves, feeling proud to be tucked inside the musty green material. He leaned gently on the pronged fish spear and watched the birth of another day. The wide lake came alive with a million blinding sparkles as the sun kissed the flat expanse. Blackish muck merged and diffused into the vivid blue of the lake, and the sewer continued to empty the foul smelling water into the calm lake.

It was so hard. So very hard for such a small boy. And the boots were much too big. They felt strange on the young feet which were mostly accustomed to tennis shoes with raggedy tops. His father had used them only a few times. They were actually new. As he started up towards the big rock, their clumsiness caused him to lose his balance.

The rocks were slippery with slime. Green slime. That's the first thing that came into his mind when he thought of sewer water. Oozing, stinking slime. He thought that if he ever fell into that mess he wouldn't be able to move. Just like a mass of clutching monsters pulling him under.

He had to use his spear as a balance sometimes. He was the same length as his spear. The boots had rippled bottoms, but they were still cumbersome on his small feet, and he fell once but not into the slime.

He reached the widened area where the dirty water formed a fairly deep foamy pool. The bubbles always congregated into yellowish clumps and stuck to the sandy bank, eventually making a thick brown stain. He wondered if this foamy stuff was caused by all the soap powder his mother used for the wash.

His rock was out in the middle of the pool. It was wide enough to take a few steps in any direction. Kneeling on the crumbly surface, he bent way over and tried to see through the green murkiness. He didn't really have to look; the carp were down there. They always swam close to the sheltering base of the rock.

It was sickening that these fish thrived off the filth at the bottom of the sewer stream. He really didn't know why he speared them. His Dad had said the colored did, but he wasn't sure about that because

Joel was colored and he wouldn't come spearing with him. Of course, his Mom had said he better not or he'd get a good whipping.

A hair-like seaweed clung to the rock. It wasn't like the green slime. He loved to watch it swaying gracefully with the constant rhythm of the current. The seaweed was gentle. His Mom was gentle. Funny, when the green stuff was out of the water, it just looked like a mushy blob of nothing. It sure belonged in the water.

He didn't even try to get a carp. He just sat back on the rubbery tops of the wading boots and thought grown-up thoughts.

Good to be away from the smell of the house — good to be alone.

He dangled the over-sized boots in the water and put the spear across his lap.

Why were there so many ugly things? There was the house with its yellow water marks on the ceiling, his father's sunken dying eyes, the old man who lived in the apartment house next door who smelled bad and spit, and the little girl with scabs from playing in the alley, and the dump . . . .

Lifting his head, he looked at the opposite bank. Two fat rats climbed in a rusty barrel. The debris was piled high as if the earth, having digested the mass, threw it up on the bank. A doll with its head half off and stuffings loose cried to the boy of the sad ugly things in life.

From his position on the great rock he could see the entire dump. Each piece of discarded junk seemed to have a character of its own, and he wondered what little girl had owned the doll. Here lay an enormous grave yard for dead objects. What a mass of ugliness! He would have turned away then, but a patch of blue caught his attention. Lying on its side in the midst of that grotesque assemblage was a plaster image of the Virgin Mary. He had seen statues of the catholic Mary before, but she had always been the object of respect. They weren't catholic, still, he couldn't pinpoint what made him feel that this was strangely beautiful. He stood there quite a while before he picked up his spear and started for home.

The wide lake reflected the noon sun, and the sewer continued to empty the foul smelling water into the calm expanse.

---

## **Last Night While Winding My Watch**

by

**Donald J. Long**

Last night while winding my watch,  
I heard a strange noise from within it.  
The stem spun loosely in my fingers,  
Yet the spring was far from being tight.  
Although it keeps perfect time,  
It will now run down and stop.  
I had a friend,  
Who died when he was seventeen.



**poetry**



by Wilma Melville



# Clown

by

Ruthette Cressman

Painted face,  
    brooding pathos  
    etched deeply;  
Pagliacci's face  
    and heart,  
    bruised by reality.

Hiding  
    hiding  
Weary worn life traveler,  
    having seen the sights,  
    crawls into his mind —  
Safe  
    behind the foolish mask.

-----

# Chicago Song

by

N. Knowlton

Break  
    my klieged bearded saxon head  
        it's your blood  
    my brothers' ran in darkness  
    black-redness-blackness  
three hundred years.

I'll hold No card, bend No plowshare,  
rub No charlie for he's one too can't  
you see, damned old fool, can't you see?  
yellow-redness-whiteness

    Samovar-Scimitar-Ganges cow  
    Bowler-Hotdog-Yangtze dhow  
typed ciphers, falseworthless look behind  
white-yellow-brown-black  
look beyond.

When I've walked through the grass greyhead,  
when I've finished the journeys and reached  
the mark greyhead, if you haven't supersupered  
me greyhead, I'll shape it to include gre'head,

# ROOM

for you and me and he.  
blackwhiteyellowbrownneuter

# A Rain Has Fallen

by

Chris Allen Dungey

Through the night a rain has fallen,  
freezing to the ground,  
the tree limbs, sidewalks, and window  
panes, indeed throughout the town.  
The streetlight shows the sparkle of  
each ice silvered bough,  
that tinkles, shatters and shivers,  
for the winds and moving now.

I view the angel hair branches from the  
blackness of the room.  
It seems the warmth should be cheery  
before the winter's gloom.  
But I am alone of a tempest night  
and sipping at gentle gin,  
and I feel so greatly colder than  
the outside peering in.

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# Daybreak

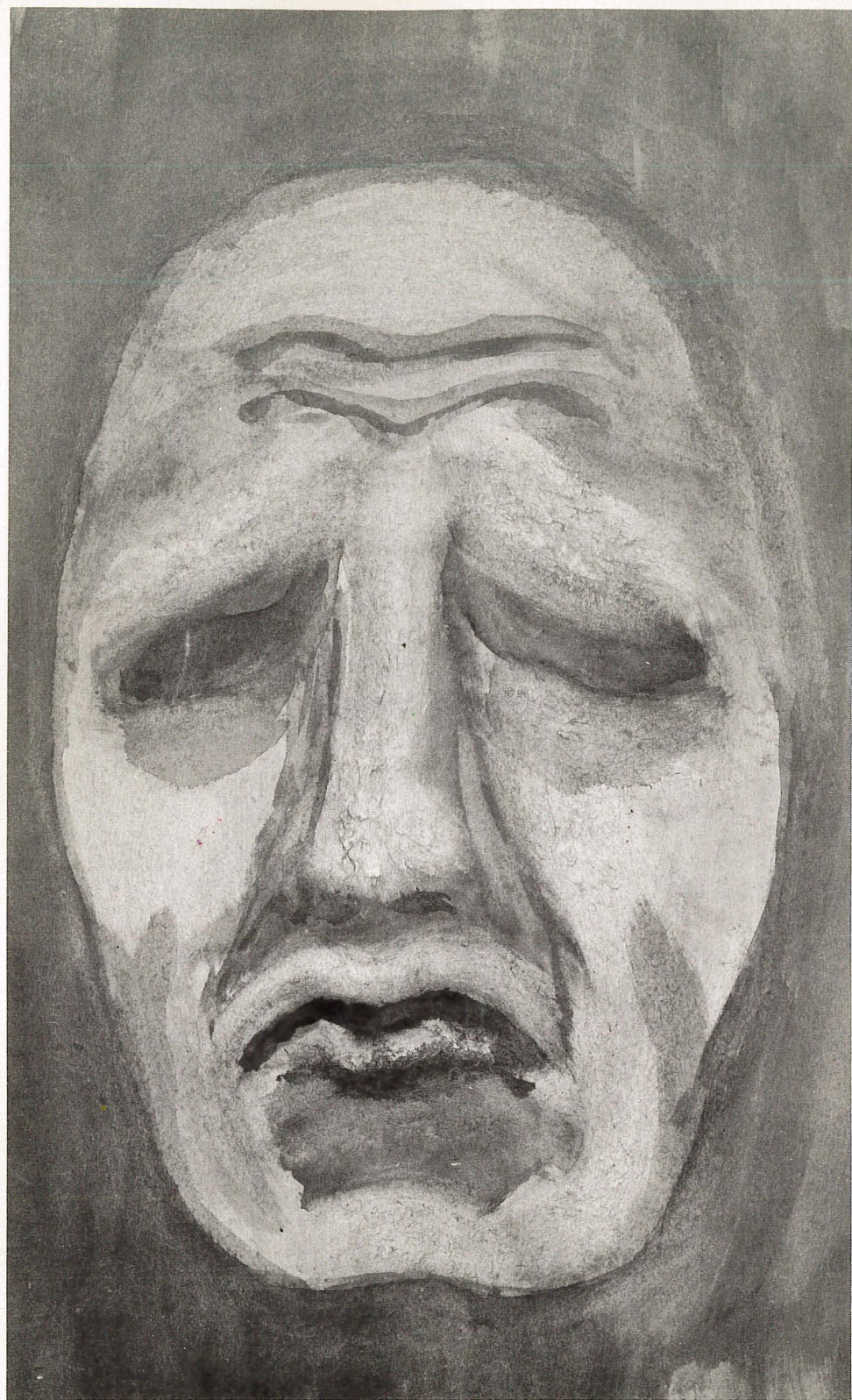
by

John Owen

A loon with lonely laughter greets the dawn  
His sad notes ringing cleanly on the ear  
Through mists in quiet bays dark geese begin to honk  
With stretching necks and beating wings the flock awakes  
A moose with awkward step and slow enters the lake  
And standing flank deep begins to eat  
A muskrat slowly swimming pulls his wake among all these  
As sunlight gently filters through dark trees  
In lonely camp a traveller absorbs the scene  
And near his fire set beside the lake  
Conceited thinks that he alone enjoys daybreak



**critical essay**



by Christine Klieman



# Hawthornes Heritage of Guilt

by

Myrna Lynn Turnbull

Nathaniel Hawthorne, nineteenth century Romantic writer, (1804 - 1864) spans the centuries with his literary talents as he borrows from the past and projects his ideas into the future.

From the past, Hawthorne borrows material for his writings from his own rich New England Heritage.

Following the impulses of the Romantic Movement, he places these characters under his nineteenth century microscope to analyse the nature of sin, the problems of evil, and the contrasts of pride and humility inherent in man.

Hawthorne, however, as a psychological writer, carries his material beyond the narrow confines of his particular era by concentrating, not on good and evil, but on the inner workings of personal conscience and the hard choices to be made between good and evil.

Though this particular concern for the facets of the human personality would allow him to take his place beside the contemporary writers of our day, we must not make the error of expecting his plots to have the elasticity to satisfy the cultural feelings of both centuries. Credibility depends upon more than plot outline; it must also project the moral conscience of the day.

It was natural that Hawthorne should be drawn to the study of his Salem antecedents who were prominent in its early history. Among them were William Hathorne (in the spelling of the name before the author changed it), the bearded, steeple-crowned and sable-cloaked progenitor who passed along to his descendants the many honors he gained as a soldier and magistrate, and the dubious fame he won when as a judge he condemned a Quaker woman, Ann Coleman, to be whipped at the tail of a cart through the streets of Salem, Boston and Dedham. (Turner, p.l.)

William Hathorne's son John also won honor and ill-fame as a judge. When pronouncing sentence upon witches during 1692, one of them, supposedly, placed a curse upon his head. The two early ancestors stood out prominently in Hawthorne's mind, representing not only great accomplishments but also great mistakes and great guilt.

Hawthorne found early historical episodes useful for their intrinsic appeal and appropriateness to their concrete representation of abstractions. For instance, history portrayed the Puritans as "most dismal wretches" who said their prayers before daylight, then worked their farms until it was evening and prayer-time again. The only dancing they did was around the "Puritan Maypole" or whipping post. (Turner, p. 30.)

The Puritan era viewed literature as an imitation of life, the object to picture men not as they were "actually" but as they were "ideally." The nineteenth-century Romantics were also concerned with "self:" self-realization and self-culture as opposed to the less attractive Puritan concern of self-conceit and self-denial. (Foerster, 267-268.)

These more realistic concepts laid the cornerstone for Hawthorne's absorbed studies of Puritan Christianity. Though skeptical of their principles and finding their bigotry intolerable, he did agree with the Puritan focuses on problems of evil, nature of sin and contrasts of pride and humility.

In the short story "Roger Malvin's Burial" Hawthorne examines the workings of a young man's personal conscience.

The plot is simple: In the battle of Lovell's Fight, an elderly man, Roger Malvin, and his young protege Reuben Bourne have been injured. The elderly man finds himself too weak to travel any further. He earnestly urges Reuben, who is in love with the daughter Dorcas, to leave him in order to salvage his own life. Malvin does not wish to have the young man's blood on his soul, but he earnestly entreats Reuben to return to the scene and to give him a proper burial when his own wounds have been attended to.

A series of circumstances follow which destroy any chance of reaching Malvin while he is still alive. Reuben's wounds, which are irritated by his constant exertion, lead to delirium and, finally, total collapse. When he awakens several days later Dorcas is nursing him, and she is able to guess immediately from the stricken look on Reuben's face that her father has died. When Dorcas further questions Reuben as to whether he has dug a grave for her father, he answers inaudibly that he has done what he could for the old man.

The concealment of the truth from Dorcas made him bitterly regret his moral cowardice but pride and fear of losing her affection held him from rectifying the falsehood.

"Concealment had imparted to a justifiable act much of the secret effect of guilt; and Reuben, while reason had told him that he had done right, experienced in no small degree the mental horrors which punish the perpetrator of undiscovered crime."  
(Foerster, p. 623.)

Reuben was haunted by the vision of his father-in-law propped against a rock in the forest waiting for the young man to fulfill his promise. The enormous weight of the guilt transformed Reuben into a sad, downcast, irritable man, a misanthrope.

The nineteenth-century Romantic writers believed that sin could be expiated through prolonged suffering and penance; the question arises as to whether Reuben's shooting of his son was purely an accident or a penance to atone for his guilt. Hawthorne's use of symbolism would indicate that it was a redemption from the sin of concealment as evinced in the following passage:

"At that moment the withered topmost bough of the oak loosened itself in the stilly air, and fell in soft, light fragments upon the leaves, upon Reuben, upon his wife and child, and upon Roger Malvin's bones. Then Reuben's heart was stricken, and the tears gushed out like water from a rock. His sin was expiated,—the curse was gone from him; and in the hour



when he had shed blood dearer to him than his own, a prayer, the first for years, went up to heaven from the lips of Reuben Bourne." (Foerster, p. 627.)

We, of the twentieth century, might tend to question the credibility of Hawthorne's tale. Why should Reuben feel responsibility when Malvin's death was inevitable? Is it not his particular perception of his concealment of the death, a perception which he allows to grow out of proportion, that causes his destruction, as opposed to the idea that he committed a grave sin? We also ask ourselves how the loss of an innocent boy's life can be justified to correct a wrong.

A study of the nineteenth-century mores shows that the people of this era had an absolute horror of not receiving a proper burial as they believed that the soul would be doomed to limbo for all eternity, denied a chance to go to God.

Hawthorne's tale, within this context is believable.

Hawthorne had great concern for the effects wrought upon human character through moral failure because he realistically understood that the Romantic Age wished its literary men to be moralists. Hawthorne, much like Henry James, with his psychological approach observed people and concerned himself with their actions. His characters speak of sin against God or Divine Law, but the author feels that they suffer the consequences of guilt because they believe that they have sinned; guilt, perhaps, exists only in their minds, the effects being inevitable because they are psychological. (Foerster, p. 593.)

This idea is repeated constantly in Hawthorne's literary works. Reuben Bourne's belief that he carried moral guilt for the desertion of Roger Malvin resulted in his killing his son, his dearest possession, to expiate the great weight which he carried. This example accentuates the author's theory that guilt could not be avoided through human or divine intervention. The author's moral philosophy almost follows a cycle: 1) deed or idea, 2) prolonged suffering for supposed sin, 3) through suffering, a final catharsis.

Hawthorne views evil as one who is himself committed to virtue. However, through his detachment (Hawthorne has been labelled an isolationist) he maintains sympathy and perspective regarding his characters. While other authors found it easier to write about evil characters than good ones, Hawthorne was not as inflexible in his views. When looking into his heart to write he did not find evil, but he did not oversimplify his presentations of good or bad either. (Wagenknecht, p. 192.) His sensitivity has been demonstrated in the final passage from "Roger Malvin's Burial," found earlier in this paper:

"At the moment the withered topmost bough of the oak loosened itself in the stilly air . . . and in the hour when he had shed blood dearer to him than his own, a prayer, the first in years, went up to heaven from the lips of Reuben Bourne."

As illustrated, Hawthorne leans heavily towards symbolism, but unlike many of the contemporaries of his era, (Edgar Allan Poe, for example,) he uses it in a material way to express his concepts. Haw-

thorne's concern with sin is the focal point with the symbolism being marginal. Poe uses symbolism to effect a sense of Gothic horror, popular in the Romantic Age. Whereas Poe makes us shudder at the diabolical horrors which are inflicted upon unsuspecting victims, Hawthorne concerns himself with the inevitable consequences of guilt.

Hawthorne also displays a talent for impressionism as did Henry James who capsulized what he was trying to accomplish in the following way: The house of fiction has many windows, every one of which has been pierced, or is still pierceable in its vast front by the need of individual vision and the pressure of individual will. Unlike hinged doors opening straight upon life, each resembles a pair of eyes, a unique instrument which allows each individual his own distinct impression. As he or his neighbor watches the show, one sees more where the other sees less, one sees black where the other sees white, one sees big where the other sees small, etcetera. (Henry James, *The Art of the Novel*, p. 46.)

This use of an impressionistic style may have led to much of the criticism that Hawthorne has received for the ambiguity of his writings, and perhaps this is not entirely just. In his great concern for accurate observation he may have felt an obligation to let us draw our own conclusions rather than to accept his concrete elaborations on sin which may have been misconstrued as his moral bias. Hawthorne may have had some uncertainties, but he had some strong beliefs too. "He believed in God. He believed in immortality. He believed in Divine Providence. He believed in the infinite value of the human soul." (Wagenknecht, p. 201.)

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## The Victory

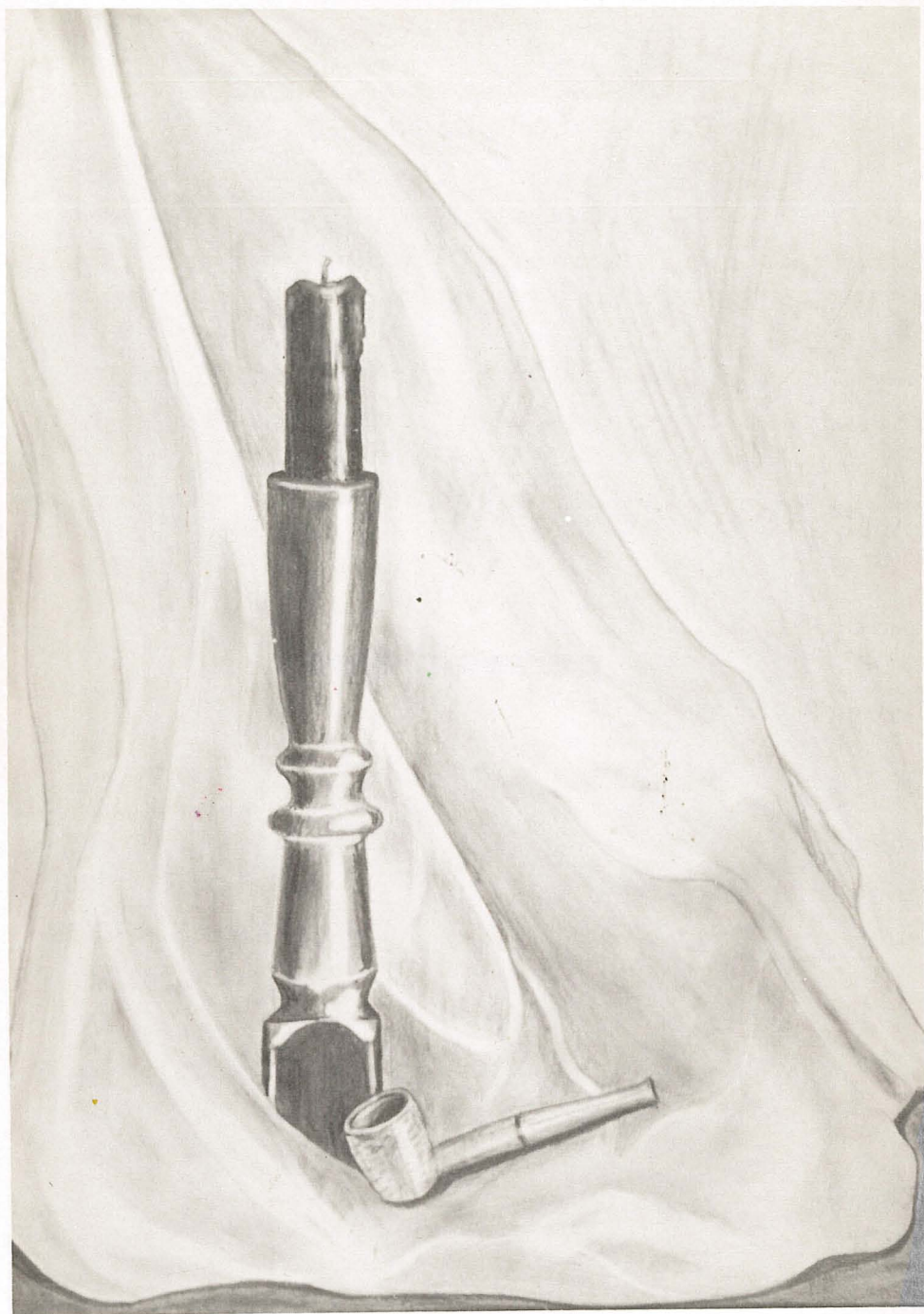
by

Hazel M. Draper

The silver shadow of sleep  
Was pure and undefiled  
In the eyes of the Lord.  
  
And the sudden  
Awakening of truth  
Was the destruction of life.



**personal essay**



by John Kaufman



# My Friend Marcel

by

Michael W. Kerwin

Boston's Swan Lake City Park is one of the most beautiful in the United States and covers thirty acres. At the east end of the park, there is an old-fashioned bandstand. Each afternoon during the summer season, the city band plays a concert of marches. At the west end of the park, there is a small lake. It's called Swan Lake and there are five swan boats which circle it. The little children buy rides on the boats and feed the ducks as they ride around the lake.

I have always liked to stand on the bridge that crosses the lake. From there most of the park can be viewed. When I was working in Boston, I seldom saw any green vegetation as my apartment was in the downtown area and there was a definite lack of trees and lawns. Having been raised in a small Michigan town, I was accustomed to the out-of-doors. When I stood on the center of the bridge, I could see and enjoy the flowers, trees, the lake, and the ducks. The view was always a welcome relief from the dreary walls of the subway tunnels and the other dismal surroundings which became so disheartening to me.

One day, when I had finished my shopping at the Boston Music Company, I decided to return to my apartment by way of the park. I entered at the Boylston Street gate. Near the gate was an old man selling hot roasted chestnuts. I had not noticed him before, so I paused and bought some chestnuts from him as he looked like he could well use the money.

I don't recall how our conversation started. Maybe, I asked him where he got the chestnuts or maybe, I asked directions. Nevertheless, we ended up visiting for the remainder of the afternoon.

I learned he was a Frenchman named Marcel Poteau. I also discovered that if ever there was a carbon copy of Alfred Doolittle, the dustman which George Bernard Shaw so superbly depicted in his play **Pygmalion**, it was Marcel. Although Marcel owned the cart from which he sold the chestnuts, it was so antiquated that many of his customers paid the twenty-five cents for a small bag of nuts merely as a good-will gesture. It is difficult to describe the feeling a person acquires when buying chestnuts at an old stand like Marcel's. It's sort of like throwing a quarter to an organ grinder's monkey. Although you realize that you are "being taken," you are compelled to do it.

Marcel might have made a good living selling chestnuts at the park, if he had been punctual and kept regular hours. However, Marcel didn't enjoy vending chestnuts, and only did it when he needed money. His real joy was art, although none of his paintings had ever sold for much. Occasionally, he would quit selling nuts and devote his time to painting. Only a few weeks would pass, however, until there was no money for rent or groceries. When this happened, his wife would quickly have him back at the park with his old cart.

One afternoon when I went to the park for a visit with Marcel,

I found him sitting on a bench near the spot where he normally sold chestnuts. He had his usual big smile, which was one of the attributes I liked most about him. He was always happy and put vigor and enthusiasm into every phrase. I often observed that after talking with him for only a few minutes, I too, spoke with much more determination. His great zest for life was actually communicable.

This afternoon, Marcel was bubbling over with joy. He asked me if I would accompany him to his apartment as he had some wonderful news and also needed my help.

When we arrived at his home, I could see why his paintings never sold. Marcel was obviously a modern artist in the extreme. He was one of those people who dabs, shoots, squirts, throws or does anything he can just to get the paint on the canvas. One of the pictures which caught my eye featured a plain white canvas with a tiny black dot in the center. There was another which looked like it might have been a chimpanzee's finger-painting attempt. All I knew about this type of art was that the pictures "meant" something, and that they were the artist's ventures in self-expression.

In the studio, he asked me to sit down in front of an easel. Next, he proceeded to tell me his good news. The Boston Arts Festival Committee had asked him to display one of his paintings at the festival which was to be held in the park during the following week. I knew this was one of the major art festivals of the world, and that the city of Boston appropriated a large sum of money every summer for the event. It was a great honor for any artist to be asked to exhibit a painting, sculpture, or any other art work, and I could see why Marcel was so elated. He explained that in all his life he had done three paintings of which he was especially proud. He went on to say that he could not decide which one to enter and that he wanted me to make the selection. I tried without success, to avoid the responsibility.

He placed the three pictures, one after another, on the easel in front of me: I doubt if I would have permitted the hanging of either of the first two even in my garage. The third one, however, was beautiful and the minute I saw it I fell in love with it. It was a water color done only in lines. The painting depicted a Parisian street cafe. I could vaguely distinguish the tables and chairs and the umbrellas suspended over those tables. The colors in the picture were so effectively used that I was enthralled. This was the picture I urged him to enter.

All during the next week I saw nothing of Marcel. The first day of the art festival came and naturally, I went down to the park to see the exhibits. I made my way among the displays toward Marcel's stand. When I reached it, I gazed in surprise as I saw that his picture had taken first place. With this success, I could not understand his absence.

The next day, to my astonishment, he came to see me at my office. He was obviously upset when confronted with all of the problems accompanying his success. In only one day, several agents wanted him to "sign on" with their company. His wife wanted a new house and, that very afternoon he had received invitations to four teas and guest tickets to a symphony. He also had a scheduled conference with



a greeting card company's president who wanted to employ him as a designer and several interviews with the art co-ordinators from the **Daily Advertiser** and the **Boston Globe**.

I explained that I would be glad to help him this week and the next, but as he well knew, the company I worked for would be sending me back to Michigan soon. He followed my advice and didn't sign any papers the week of the festival. I had suggested that he wait until all the offers were established; then he would be able to choose the best one.

Throughout the week we attended numerous teas. With Marcel's radiant personality, he was always the center of attention. Not even his old shabby suit could stop Boston's blue-bloods from going out of their way to insure his presence at all of their social affairs.

As the days passed, he grew more and more worried about his situation. He wouldn't let this show, however, he kept on smiling. Toward the end of the week, I began to sense that his smile and merry words were becoming forced.

Saturday night the festival closed at eight o'clock. All of the artists were supposed to assemble at a certain place to have press pictures taken. Following this, there was to be a big party for the festival committees and artists. When I got to the park, I went straight to Marcel's exhibit. In the distance, I could see him wrapping his picture in newspapers. I didn't approach him, however, because I noticed there were tears in his eyes. It was the first time I had ever seen him without his smile and it seemed as though he was wearing a mask. He turned and started walking away from the festival so I followed him at a distance. While crossing the Swan Lake Bridge, Marcel halted midway and casually tossed the prize winning picture into the waters below.

Recently, I made a return trip to Boston. One afternoon I was pleased to visit with an extremely happy chestnut vendor at a place called Swan Lake Park.

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## **The Establishment**

by

**Myrna L. M. Turnbull**

The year 1968 dealt badly with everyone that it touched as the wedge of discord became more deeply embedded between youth and the Establishment, leaving behind the bitter taste of disillusionment and misunderstanding.

It was a year of revolution . . . brand new cliches burst forth echoing the temper of the times. "Tell it like it is" emulated the desire for a new honesty within the system. "Do your own thing" was the hue and cry of college students across the land who shuddered at the con-

formist label. "Make love, not war," was the sentiment of the Dove, the hippie, the flower-child.

Yes, America had a new "hip" vocabulary, a cacophony of ugly words which sent chills up and down one's spine. Revolution, Establishment, obscenity, corruption, hate, draft-card burning, communicate and generation-gap were batted back and forth like tennis-balls across a net. Much talking was done, but there was little listening in the Great American Nightmare!

A closer examination of the underlying discontent between students and the Establishment does not tend to allay our fears; we find instead that there are no snap answers, no simple categorizations of problems. Perhaps our motives are healthy, but our approaches to solutions are diseased.

College revolts have spread like wildfire throughout the country, the largest single encounter being at Columbia University. Students, who at first wished only a voice on the administrative boards and an opportunity to help in the shaping of an up-to-date curriculum, have fast become power-hungry and now bargain for unlimited demands, some rational and some impossible. A handful of radicals have turned the very word "youth" into an obscenity. Did Stokely Carmichael give to the youth movement guidance and wisdom when he uttered the following words from Emory University in Atlanta —

"We are for revolution and violence . . .

Yes, I mean killing . . .

Whatever it takes for our liberation, I'm for that."

His war is one of anarchy against order, a war designed to destroy the present system without laying a foundation for a replacement. We, as students, are just as inconsistent in our thinking. In one breath we scream "the system is an obscenity, war is an obscenity, hate is an obscenity" and then we commit the biggest obscenity of all . . . DESTRUCTION!

Much like small children having enormous temper-tantrums, we lash out in frustration to destroy the system that will not cater to our every desire, and the hostilities deepen on both sides. Our idealistic dreams cloud our reason.

Last year a Boston rioter bragged to his pal that he could shoot out all the lights in the city. "But," said his pal, "How are you going to shoot them all back on again?" We must question in order to have progress within the present establishment, but if we intend to destroy the structure we should have the foresight to replace it with something better.

Author George Orwell, in the satire **Animal Farm**, expressed his concern for the decay of a social structure and etched a grim sketch of the ultimate result of destroying a system without giving proper thought to the replacement system. The Orwellian animals captured the Manor Farm from its drunken, incompetent farmer and established it as a model community in which all animals were equal. Two pigs gained control of the revolution and eventually fought each other for mastery. After one pig was ousted and declared a traitor, economic necessity compelled the animals to emulate the human system. The pigs,



upon establishing a dictatorship, decided "that some animals were more equal than others" and the ruling pigs became indistinguishable from their human neighbours. The despotism of the pigs increased in direct ratio to their sophistry, and the more helpless animals lived in absolute fear and tyranny, a reminder to anyone who wishes for radical change in a system to be very certain that the replacement will be an advantage.

The students of today, intelligent, imaginative and profoundly concerned about the social system in which they hope to survive, voice their ideas and slowly smoulder as their dreams are dashed to pieces. Their minds are like power tools, but they haven't learned how to operate the machinery to get a return. Then comes the cry . . . it's impossible, there's a generation gap . . . we don't communicate . . . and they don't stop to remember that their parents also had dreams, but they used their tools badly in raising their offspring.

Products of a stock-market crash, depression and world-war, parents devoted all their efforts to making things easier for the next generation. The over-permissive parents catered to their children by wrapping them in cotton and sheltering them from every unpleasantness; by heaping upon them material gifts; by creating the false impression that everything in life was theirs for the asking. There was, however, a fly in the ointment.

The pampered darlings, who finally became adults, were pushed into a real world, a kaleidoscope of poverty, corruption and man's inhumanity to man. Of course they stamped their feet, and pouted, and demanded that things be made right . . . and their ideals were shattered.

Disillusionment became the by-word. Youth split into factions. Those who couldn't cope copped out or dropped out. In an attempt to ease their disappointment they became flower children, they turned to Pot, and LSD, and sex, and passive resistance, such as sitdowns in the streets.

On the other extreme frustrated students revolted and violence ensued when they sought to force their ideas upon the Establishment. Bewildered parents sadly shook their heads and asked themselves where they had gone wrong.

It is a waste of energy for the student or the Establishment to nurture grievances. A fallible animal, man has made honest mistakes. We must seek to pool the resources we have, the wisdom of the mature with the honesty and imagination of the young, to once again think of our nation as "The Great Society."

Idealism creates many chinks in the armour of communication between generations. The Establishment, unhappily, learned long ago that the wheels of progress and change move slowly. An older generation once had their youthful visions; they joyfully brought forth their ideas only to meet with frustration upon frustration which made them more conservative and less willing to face rejections. We, as students, with our eagerness and idealism, are moving into a similar

cycle. Why do we fail to recognize it? How many disappointments will we face before we are called apathetic, unimaginative, too timid to place our heads on the chopping block for a belief?

Youth is such a fleeting thing. Today we complain bitterly that parents do not understand us. We do not stop to consider how very short-sighted we are, that tomorrow the shoe will be on the other foot. We will be the parents that are misunderstood, another weary, embittered generation who didn't quite solve the problems of the Establishment; who didn't quite exact the respect of their children because the Society is less than a Utopia.

I feel a little sadness as the words to a current tune echo through my mind:

"It's life's illusion to recall  
I really don't know life at all."

---

## For Deborah, One Simple Ode

by

Chris Allen Dungey

slender willow kneel down  
your thin arms and legs so  
all around me  
when the cinnamon shower of  
hair surrounds me,  
then I know where you have  
found me,  
know you far beneath and why.  
and listen to the sound of  
cotton smoothness,  
gliding on the darkened softness,  
smiling with two mouths as one,  
answer only to the sentry sun  
and only when the stars  
are gone.  
so leave me not a naked fool  
even in a cape of rough wool,  
nor is flannel any warmth  
and I am empty as a broken urn,  
only full to fit your form.



# Frilly, Frilly

by

Chris Allen Dungey

**Dedicated to fair farm girls wherever they rule.**

From the moment of her conception, deep in the womb of a German immigrant farm woman, Frille Pappen was doomed to have the most radiant of golden hair. Golden hair was to become her trademark, combed directly over from a part on the left and betraying a small wisp down over the forehead. The wisp was prone to bounce and jounce as the little girl played about the large Michigan farm of her parents. Later, the wisp would fall down over the right eye on occasion of physical activity at the local high school.

Frille pranced as a cheerleader for the football games of Greenville High and danced with the players at the dances which followed as surely as the Disciples. She danced from age eleven to age eighteen. She danced away with everything from the hearts of basketball players to parts in plays. An angel grew on that farm, and the hair grew and young men came. The interest of the adolescent gentry developed as she did and the young blades visited en masse to engage her and to humor her stern father and pet his hunting dogs.

She was overwhelmed by invitations for four long years.

"Will you go to the Christmas Formal with me, Frille?"

"Will you go to the theatre with me on Friday night, Frille?"

"May I walk with you to the drug-store, Frille?"

"There's a dance after the football game, Frille! I was wondering if maybe . . ."

In the beginning, she was an innocent. Oh, how pure and liable to infatuations and words of tenderness was this one. The blue eyes were bedroom eyes and her lips were moist and her strong, lovely, farmgirl body seemed to cry in the voice of the Siren to the young gallants, "Give chase to me. Attempt me. You owe it to yourself to win me!"

And, indeed they attempted her.

In the beginning, the wisp of hair was the symbol of her innocence, tumbling down over the forehead and over the eye as she lowered her head to scan a volume of history or Shakespeare. She would brush it back with a habitual flick of the hand, touch her white finger tips to her tongue and over the page. She was a school girl and the tress of golden finery was the badge. She was everyone's princess in the beginning.

But the steady adulation was bound to harden her. The lock of hair became a weapon with which to bait many a suitor, both avowed and in recluse. She drove the athletes and the scholars of her class and the class above her to near madness. The long locks teased them and

the eyes taunted them and the gentle curves and hillocks of her person drew them to fumbling and stuttering worship. She noticed her hold and took it, using each new assailant of her attention for whatever use he might be. The quiet farm girl with the gentle and soft sighing voice became a siren, and she was ever to remain so.

It should be pointed out here that Frille Pappen did not become hard of heart of her own accord. Quite the opposite is true. She began her romantic experiences at a tender age and was no more a temptress or seductress than the next. We might blame the metamorphosis on the excessive attention afforded her. She was never without a date and had never even had to worry over one. She never had to listen for the phone, while, at times, she was even obliged to remove it from the hook. Frille became spoiled and the treatment of her various beaux added little to her imagination regarding them. You see, Frille's suitors were of the most passionate variety (due to the characteristics of her beauty which have already been mentioned), and she learned from an early age that she must sometimes fight for her virtue. Our once demure heroine had occasion to fight for her virtue in several places — notably, the back seats of several cars, the Greenville Veterans' Park, and the back porch of a female acquaintance when she was attending a pajama party. Little wonder then, that by the time sweet Frille graduated from high school and departed to become a secretary to a furniture magnate, she had become what is commonly known as a man-eater.

She left her farm home and traveled to Grand Rapids on a Greyhound bus. It was a humble beginning. The apartment she took was modest though quaint, and she arrived there with but three suit cases and a phonograph.

She slept restlessly enough and, in the morning, rose to seek out the office of Mr. David McMann, magnate and heir of the McMann Furniture Company. She would serve this old codger as personal secretary, having been highly recommended by a friend of McMann, one Fred Smitka, a truck farmer who had employed Frille for summer secretarial work in the past.

Much to poor Frille's surprise, David McMann was not an old codger but a rather young man. He was a jet set executive with a Kennedy wave of hair and he called her "honey" as he greeted her in his office. The receptionist winked as she went into McMann's office, and Frille felt a strange apprehension.

"Come on in, honey! I'm sure glad old Fred could help me out this way. He has plenty of people to help him down on the farm. You take dictation, right? Good! Sit down and we'll get to it! Tight schedule today!" Didn't he even know her name? "Name is Frille, eh? That German? Well, O.K.! Mind if I call you Frilly?"

"No sir." She blushed, taken by surprise. Put off and backed down. Over-run! Staggered by this strange fellow whom she had known for about a minute and thirty seconds.

"I'm Dave!"

He began dictating and she began jotting, not listening to the words, but trying to analyse her defeat. I was defeated. I'm just another



one of the girls and I cannot have that. He'll think I'm his personal property and try to take advantage. I must solidify my position and regain the initiative.

She jotted until 11:30 when McMann suddenly sprang up from his desk to announce a halt in the morning's business, "Lunch!" He called out over the intercom, "Lunch, Mrs. Baker! Lunch, Miss French!" He glanced to where Frille sat, preparing to type out the dictations. "Lunch, Frilly! Say, how about grabbing something to eat with me? I know a nice place called the Westwood Club. I think you might like it. Sound good?"

The perfect opportunity. Load! Breech closed? Range? Mark! Shoot! Schiesen! "No thank you, Mr. McMann, I'm on a diet. Besides, I think I should tag along with the girls and get acquainted. You do understand, don't you?" She stood and smiled down at him and his green felt topped mahogany desk with its silver pen and pencil set.

"You? On a diet? I know a line when I hear one!" He grinned, a bit thunder-struck. "Anyway, you run along, I did promise to meet Carl Breden at the "Y" for handball. Are you busy tonight, by any chance?"

She paused before the second volley, measuring his toleration of such crass abuse, trying to judge his interest. Mustn't be too harsh or he may get perturbed. Worse, he might quit trying. On the other hand, it must be firm. Hold the line! Let him know my strength. Load! Breech closed? Range? Aim for the vitals, whites of his eyes, heart! Shoot! "Yes, Mr. McMann. I have a date for tonight. I'm sorry. Perhaps another time?" She turned and strolled out of the office, out of the reception room and down the hall toward the commissary. The clicking of her heels seemed to dig at the small of David McMann's back. He scratched his head.

"Fred said she hadn't been anywhere."

If Frille hadn't been anywhere, she quickly adjusted. She adjusted with Ronald Porter, an attorney for the Company. She adjusted with Arnold Swenson, a Company salesman. She adjusted with Bertrand Brown, a young history instructor at the local college. And, only occasionally, she adjusted with David McMann. Ronald and Arnold were young, striving, business types and they took her to the right places, and she was seen and she smiled while the elite of the City smiled back at her and asked who she was. They began to know who she was, and when she happened to be with David McMann, there was murmuring. David could pick and choose. Was he really interested in this secretary, this farm girl from Greenville? Could he pick her? But now didn't she look like a farm girl, and didn't David look happy? The men in stictly dark suits and bow ties reverberated the question. Isn't she the most healthy, buxom thing to ever hit town? They licked their dry lips when the long lock of hair came fluttering down over the eye. Frille's phone rang through most of her leisure hours, and she answered the invitations in the affirmative at least three times a week.

There were accountants, and ad men, and the selling men and the lawyers. There were restaurant owners and a local disc jockey. And, just every now and then, there was David.

She had to start watching herself with David. It seemed eerie

to her that the less attention he paid her, the more restless she was. David had withdrawn and had become a very quiet person after having been turned down enough times. He asked for her company less frequently. This secretary of his was hot material, it seemed, but not particularly for him. This was a shock, and he withdrew. Let the Register have her! But, oh, how he wondered about this strange young woman.

Unknown to McMann, Frille was equally shocked and melancholy. Why wasn't he chasing her? Why was he so quiet? Was he worried over a business deal or was it some college professor's daughter, or did he just not care for her? Impossible that he shouldn't care for her. Impossible!

"I don't know how that man does it, Mindy, but he is really bothering me." She mused as she sat with Miss French at the commissary, hiding her pale, off-white, slickered lips behind a tea cup. "He hasn't asked me out in two weeks and he mopes in that office as though he shouldn't be there. He avoids my eyes."

"Listen, sister. I know the guy, and you can take it from me, he is an unrelenting egomaniac. If you don't pay enough attention to him, he'll sulk. It's his pride. Are you giving him equal time?"

Mindy French, complete with poodle and the secretarial grapevine which she was alleged to have started, knew all. She knew how Frille was eating and with whom. The little girl from the farm probably never bought an meal for herself anymore.

"Now and then we date. You know I date everybody."

"Oh, you don't have to say a thing! I have ears and I get my hair done in all the right places."

"Gossip! Anyway, David is getting to me with his nonsense. I'm a free girl and I hope to stay that way. I can't let him get away with collaring me just because I'm as egotistical as he is. I won't jump down on my knees by the file cabinet to be forgiven for wanting to see more men than Mr. McMann would like." Frille felt suddenly angry and confused.

"Ho! Ho! I do detect some emotion in our girl's voice. I believe you are angry at not being chased. And honey, one of you will break sooner or later. Dave is probably just as peeved because his best lines have failed him. You better hope he has some lines left or you'll be out in the cold."

Maybe so, she thought. If only he wasn't so good looking and such a knight and the works, it would be easy. But when a girl who expects attention has to work with a virile, young cossack like David McMann, she doesn't want the fellow to shut her out. Insulting!

Meanwhile, back at the YMCA, David McMann of McMann Furniture, of the Chicago Playboy Club, of the Guild Society, of the Grand Rapids Parks and Charities Foundation, and soirees from Detroit to Indianapolis, was completely and irrevocably hooked. He sweated in his grey pull-over and sweat pants, waiting for Carl Breden to serve the little black ball off the wall in front of him. It struck the wall with a



"crack" and came back at him in blur speed. He missed it and stomped his foot on the hardwood floor. He cursed.

"You are off your game, old man!" Carl enjoyed calling his friend "old man" for he himself was prematurely grey.

"No doubt!"

"And I know why, old boy!" He grinned quite cruelly. "A certain farm girl whose favor has eluded you. You haven't been with this milk-maid as much as you would like!" He pronounced been as "bean" and now and then he remembered to use a long "a" in **again**. "John Tireste has been seeing her. John has a yacht out of Holland and he has parties on it, old boy! I was at one just the other evening. This farm girl was on his arm and there were whispers of amazement that you weren't there. Such talk, dear boy! The masses are speculating that you've been shot down by a farm girl. A secretary, no less!"

"So what. I wasn't invited! No trauma, believe me." David swatted the ball a few practice strokes.

"Didn't believe a syllable. Not a syllable." Breden was smiling broadly, stifling open laughter. For the first time since their friendship had begun at the University of Michigan nearly a decade ago, he found his comrade neatly hanging on the ropes. "The child seemed to have a jolly time. Laughing all the while. I do wonder if she spent the night. Likely not. Only a farm girl after all, old boy!" The last sentence was the message.

The wide grin was answered by a slow burn. "Quit. I won't talk about it!"

"Sure?"

They did talk about it in the athletic club. The two society and sales Spartans lounged in the bourgeoisie steam. The one amazed and the other with a schoolboy heart throbbing in his chest. And what could he do, and he had never experienced anything like this before, and if you want my advice you ought to send Heidi Sunnybrook Midwest packing on her pasture path back to Center City, Corn Town, Idaho or wherever.

"I can't just get rid of her, Carl. I think I love the kid. I really have something for Frilly, but she is so untouchable it's uncanny. She won't go off her feet for anything!" He tossed more cold water onto the hot rocks.

"Listen, squire. This is Carl of the Athletic Club and the Board of Directors and Phi Omega. The only thing wrong with you is, this Frilly person is a new experience. If she won't drink, then you might as well get her away from the water. Let her carry on with yokels back in Greenville because you don't need a Bartleby the Scrivener any more than Captain Ahab needed that bloody whale!"

McMann shrugged, "You're right. Not worth losing sleep over, anyway." They both knew he was lying.

As the melting asphalt, dusty playground, kids beneath the fire hydrant turned into September, it was said of David McMann of Fulton Street and the warehouses, "He suffers so well!" The crowd

at the Art Benefit beheld a changed man. They chatted in small groups about a quiet, mature David McMann who was donating his time to the Benefit because he needed something to keep him occupied. Where were Sally Marion, and Sandra James, and the petite Louise Rawlins? In whose pent house were these debutantes of long standing now hiding so well? Why was the civic son, David McMann, not leading someone by the tiara through the lights of the City? The only time anyone saw him have a good time was when he was with that secretary of his, the German girl. He seemed to be tickled by the muses and Puck himself whenever he was with her, but the startling news to the City was that David McMann only took her to lunch now and then. Why does he waste his time where he isn't appreciated, they asked? The boy is only daft, they explained to one another. Would not the city be treated to a showdown between the farm girl and the pining president de furniture? With baited breaths and arched brows and adder tongues they waited for the explosion which would surely come when their young man quit feeling sorry for himself. The reckoning was expected and at long last, it came.

"Perhaps I pick the wrong times, Frille." They sat one noon in the Westwood Club. "You always seem to be doing something when I ask to take you anywhere." He chuckled coldly. "Don't tell me! It must be my breath!"

So finally he is going to come out in the open, eh? She tasted the perch. "Don't be silly, David." Go on, she thought. Tell me why you haven't come crawling after my favor, I'm so starvingly dying to give it to you.

"I have been thinking about you and this war of nerves we've had since you entered my employ."

"And what war of nerves is that?" The perch slid down, untasted.

"You know very well! I can't get near you. You're out on the town. Always! And I don't know why, but it bothers me when I can't get near somebody. You may not believe it, but I was once respected by both genders in this town as being a rather potent fellow where wining, dining, and bedding were involved. Not any more! You're a barricade that I haven't been able to scale!" Go ahead, idiot. He was shaking. David McMann, of the Forest Country Club was shaking. "Christ, I sort of wanted you all along!"

The strands of setting-sun hair were down over the wide right eye, and lower lip parted downward, moistly. This was too much and too quickly. She hadn't bargained for this from the crowned prince of the night stand and knotty pine dresser. "I'm home every night, David! I have a phone by the bed. Really, you could have told me." She forced a smile, which did her no good.

"Like hell, you are!" David stood, a sudden anger flushing his neck, so tightly bound in a tie. "Listen, little Frilly. I've found that I'm human and I think I fell in love with you because you were a challenge. But, this has gone too far. If I wanted to tell someone the problem, I'd get an analyst. What I need is a warm body, but I don't believe you have one. I can get more love from Miss French's poodle.



You have a week's pay coming and a bonus for my trouble. Use it for a bus ticket and some chickens or something!"

He turned and marched toward the door, flipping a ten to the head waiter. Bolder and bolder he marched, shoulder to shoulder and and out into the street.

He hit Freddie's at around one o'clock and, feeling his constitution return after a Tom Collins, he promptly ordered a Bloody Mary. That was a good name for it. Bloody Mary, bloody Sally and Mary, and Chyerl and especially bloody damn Frilly. He pinched a pick-up and it felt good. The power was returning. He pinched her again, and she turned.

"Do you want to buy me a drink to ease the pain?"

He laughed at the top of his lungs and mumbled an oath, then ordered one double for himself. The pick-up moved down the bar, putting plenty of stools between them.

Now he was King again. Frilly could milk cows for all he cared. She could shovel whatever it was that they lined barn floors with. No farm girl was going to name her own price in this business. I'm the sharpest businessman around!

Got to find old Carl, boy! Going to tie one on for getting rid of the damn Hun. He hit the "Getaway Club." It was 2:30 and Carl would be there for a midafternoon "pick-me-up." Going to have a few belts with Carl and then go find the Commodore, Tireste or whatever his name is and wedge my foot down onto his adenoids. The little greaser took Frilly on his scow just to upset me. God knows why it should upset me. I'm gonna smack him anyway!

He ordered a Buzz-Saw and a small glass of Haut Sauterne to wash it down with, "Gonna send you back to Walker. Girl, that's where you belong. 'Cause since you been got in the Big City, girl, you done started in to treatin' me wrong!" He sang with the juke box.

"Can I join, old boy!" Carl clapped him on the back. A "welcome home" clap. A "welcome back to the land of the living" clap. David McMann hadn't been in the "Getaway Club" since the first of August.

"Do you sing bass?" He jerked his head back and forth as if drying his hair. "Waiter! My friend, here! A boiler maker, and one for me!"

"Boiler Makers, my good man? Such a barbaric drink. Ah, well! To freedom!" He plucked up the fresh drink and toasted.

"Liberty. Equality. And good ole Fraternity!" The Boiler Makers disappeared quickly.

They moved on out to the Country Club. Carl drove the Aston-Martin while David rambled on and sang. "I'm a bit wee drunk. A wee bit drunk! But I'm happy drunk, not crying drunk! About 3:00 o'clock this morning I'm going to be asleep-in-the-shower drunk. Show her! Damn, Frilly!"

"Please, old boy! The mere mention of that wolf hearted Prussian sends a quiver into my unbound ring finger!" I've got to find this boy a companion for the evening, Carl decided.

They ate and drank at the Country Club. We should note that one David McMann was primarily devoted to drinking. The floor show was excellent and so was the cuisine, but he demanded a hamburger. He laughed at all the wrong lines, greatly disturbing a struggling comic. He would have been escorted out had he not been a charter member.

Sandra James and her cousin from St. Louis (was that Missouri or Michigan) joined them, but this arrangement did not meet with success.

"Carl, get these bags out of her, here, there!" He shoved aside some empty glasses and cradled his head in his hands. "Can't stan' 'em. Jus' finished with one of 'em. G'won!" The girls moved off to more receptive circles and Carl decided that the evening should end.

"Let's go, sport! Sack time, you know!" He placed the arm of the other over his shoulder and guided him out. "The little ladies have had enough of your good humor for an evening."

"Want another glass of wine. Nother beer. Hamburger an 'nother beer! Cellbrate Filly, Dilly, Frilly going back to chicken coops an' corn."

"You've had a bit too much corn yourself, old boy."

Carl would later recall that he had allowed David to make it up the elevator to his pent house, on his own, reasoning that a man has to keep his self respect. He recalled that David repeated the name "Frilly" all the way across the hotel lobby as the man at the desk followed him with sly, mischievous eyes. David would later remember, though the memory was clouded, that he called the name, and shouted it and sang it all the way up the elevator and on a weaving path down the soft, purple hallway.

"Frilly, Frilly?" He repeated it over and over as he unlocked the door, only to find it unlocked anyway, and stepped into the darkness of the huge living room. He recalled that he chalked up the reply of "yes?" to the alcohol. He would long remember walking into supporting arms, sinking on jelly knees, the warm and perfume tasting darkness, and a long strand of hair hanging down someone's face. The hair, he remembered, seemed to get between his mouth and hers.

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## The Hunter

by

Mike Paquette

The hunter awoke early that day; it was well before daybreak. He usually slept until daybreak. Before leaving, he ate a light, dry breakfast and washed it down with some water.

As he picked up his rifle and headed into the tropical forest, he thought to himself that this would be the day, he would finally get his game. He was fifteen now, and for years, ever since he had been a



child, he had heard many stories of the hunt from the older boys and men in the village. He had been hunting for over two months now and he had not seen one yet.

He was hunting alone today. He usually hunted with his cousins and his uncles and other village men, but they were away getting supplies. He had lost his father in a hunting accident the year before. Tears formed in his eyes whenever he thought of it. He would never forget the look of anguish on his father's cold face when they carried him back to the village. The bullet must have surely caused him great pain to stamp that horrible look of agony upon his face.

He liked hunting alone because he could enjoy the awesome beauty of the rain forest. He had been walking about half an hour and the brilliant rays of the sun were beginning to penetrate the dense cover of the trees and vegetation growing overhead. As the dawn grew brighter, the hunter looked for a well camouflaged hiding place. He had to be hidden well, his cousins had told him, because the game he hunted was very intelligent and had extremely sharp senses. The hunter found a suitable spot behind a large tree surrounded by bushes, with a perfect, unobstructed view of the trail which enabled him to see, yet remain unseen.

He remained in his hiding place throughout the morning. At noon he had a small lunch of rice which he had brought with him. He had yet to see what he was hunting for. All he had seen were beautiful creatures of the jungle such as birds, an occasional wild boar and one tiger. He still had that growing feeling, however, that this would be the day. So he waited patiently. As the afternoon passed on, he became drowsy. To overcome this he would stand up occasionally to keep alert. He wanted very much to get one today, because his cousins and uncles would be pleased. They were experienced hunters, and by making a kill, he would prove himself a man in their eyes.

It was about a half an hour before dusk when the young hunter, ready to call it a day, was starting to leave his hiding place when he detected a movement down the path. He slipped quietly back into his niche in the undergrowth and waited, hoping that his dream had come true. His patience was rewarded. There coming down the path was his prey, for which he had hunted so long. It was heading straight towards the hunter, stopping every few seconds listening and carefully looking ahead. It looked exactly like his cousin had described it—even its khaki-green color. The young hunter calmly and quietly raised his rifle, aimed for the heart, and squeezed the trigger. His quarry fell to the ground, jumped around for a few seconds and then lay motionless. The hunter remained hidden for a few minutes because his cousin had warned him that they sometimes roam the forest in packs. It looked like it had been alone, so he stepped out and walked over to look at his first kill. The smile left his face as he saw the same look of anguish that had possessed his father's face. The blue eyes of the creature stared icily upward; its mouth was twisted stiff with pain. It was dead. The hunter's eyes fell to where he had shot it. He had hit the heart, and the red blood oozed down the side of the corpse and into the carpet of the jungle floor. The young hunter felt very sick as he turned and headed back to camp, for in the growing darkness of the jungle the dead American had looked almost like a human!

## . . . And Pride Can Hurt You Too

by

Dane Butler

Herbert's face was black. But if he had been a white man, it would have been red. Very red. As red as the warm autumn sun that drew the beads of sweat from his thick, curly black hair as he walked down the last street home.

"Hi, Herb," called his neighbour, raking from his front lawn the leaves which fell from the huge maple growing in Herb's yard. Eli had never once complained about the leaves all over his lawn because Herb and he were brothers and brothers don't do that. They can't afford to be enemies. There were enough white enemies in the world already.

Herbert didn't reply to Eli's greeting, although they were the first words he had heard since Scribner's.

"You goddam coons are all alike! Soon as you're making white-man's money you don't want to work anymore! You're big men! Well I've had it with you nightfighter, you're fired! ! Now get outta here!"

"Fifteen years," thought Herbert, "fifteen years of bowing, stooping and bending under the big white whip of Scribner. For what? Nothin'! Scribner had finally found a man who could do his job and now he was getting that coon outta here. Scribner was nothin' anyhow. There's plenty of jobs for black workers in this town. Walt said he could use me at the nursery anytime I wanted to go. Maybe I'll give him a call when I get home. I'll show him! Brothers is strong. We don't take nuthin' from whites, nuthin'!"

"Hi, Sweetheart," cried Mary. Herbert started. Not only had her perennial greeting disturbed his thoughts but Herbert could sense the doubt in her tone of voice as to his peace of mind.

"Hi, Honey. Have you been a good woman for me today? Keep outta trouble?"

"Shore have," replied Mary as she hung over the railing of the back porch to grab his outstretched arms for that 'big hug' that she received from her husband every night. His hug was weak and short and Mary could sense something was troubling Herbert.

"What's the matter, honey?"

"Scribner fired me today."

"What? He fired you? Why?"

"Cause I'm black!" And with that Herbert released her and ran into the house. Mary followed him quickly.

When she caught up with him he was bent over the sink. She grasped his hand and reached up to kiss him. He shoved her away.

"The old man was right!" he cried. "We ain't gonna get a break until we fight. We ain't gonna get nothin' in this world forever unless we



fight, unless we beat the white man. He said we blacks is as good as any white man. We's better! We's the best! And you know what else he said? Do you?"

He turned, grasped her shoulders, and shoved her against the wall. She was frightened. Herbert had never displayed such behaviour before. He was going beyond hatred of white people. He was preaching black racial pride. Her fear reached a climax of tears as she looked at his scorching brown eyes ablaze.

Seeing what he had done, he released her and ran into the living room.

Mary dropped to her knees and cried.

## II

Throughout supper Herbert was quiet. Mary wept incessantly. Following supper, Herbert retired as usual to the den to read the paper. For the first time since the episode in the kitchen, Herbert call to Mary. His heart which had been heavily taxed during the fifteen years, suddenly began to bother him. Mary hurried to the living room, anticipating an apology, or maybe just a chance to talk to her husband. She found Herbert slouched in the recliner, his hand inside the front of his unbuttoned shirt. He was breathing heavily and his face was pale. The sweat was profuse upon his forehead.

He had had a slight heart seizure.

Mary screamed and ran for the phone. He called to her to stop. Not wishing another occurrence similar to that in the kitchen, she stopped and returned to his side. She knew that if he was exerted again it might be disastrous. She knelt beside the chair and listened to his laboured breathing subside. He said nothing. She wondered if his heart had accounted for his behaviour earlier. Maybe he had been keeping it from her. She turned to ask him. He was sleeping.

Herbert dreamt. When he awoke he had the most clever plan ever devised to avenge Scribner. He was going to beat that redneck after all. He knew the how, when, and where. It was a question of waiting. Waiting until tomorrow night, when he would pay him back, with interest. He arose from his chair, satisfied, and went to the kitchen.

Mary was sitting at the table, sewing up the seams in the new yellow flowered curtains she had waited so long to make. Herbert had given her some extra money to buy the material, and now she was going to please him. She had kept them from his sight hoping to surprise him. And tonight she would have them done, and when he awoke she could show them to him. He always liked the things she made for the house. She knew he would be proud of her.

Herbert barged into the kitchen. Not expecting him to be up, least of all awake, she was startled to see him enter. So shook; in fact, she forgot about the "surprise" curtains.

He sat beside her quickly and began an outpour of words that came so rapidly that she could not understand him. He was babbling on about how "blacks is better than whites" and how he was paying

back Scribner for all his "nigger-hating" that Herbert had seen in the brake factory during the last fifteen years. Mary, too worried about Herbert's heart to try to understand what he was really telling her, clamped her hand gently over his mouth half-way through a sentence.

Her hand dropped to the table.

The last word he had said before she stopped him was "kill." She stared into his eyes. Not a word was spoken, but they communicated. She knew.

She stood up from her chair and backed away. Herbert was smiling. She discovered something in her husband she had never known before in their years of happy marriage. He was a racist, proud of his race, and unwilling to listen to any talk of integration. So proud was he that he would kill to prove blacks were better. He was mad like his father who had been a sharecropper in Alabama. He was mad.

She ran upstairs to lie thunderstruck on her bed, the bed she had shared with a man who had all these years hidden behind a guise of love for the white man and had seemingly hoped for integration of all mankind, both Negro and white. A man no better than the man who had fired him earlier that afternoon.

She woke up alone. Suddenly a thought pierced the fog of her awakening. Had he done that night? Had they caught him? She ran downstairs to get the morning paper, praying and wishing and hoping.

There is was:

#### "PROMINENT LOCAL BUSINESSMAN KILLED LAST NIGHT"

She burst into hysterical tears. Herbert was a killer, a murderer, a racist. So upset from the headlines was she that her tears hid the real cause of the owner and president of Scribner's Brake Company's death—faulty brakes in his automobile. It seems he couldn't stop at an intersection and was involved in a fatal accident with a transport truck.

No, she didn't see that. Running to the living room to fall tearful on the couch, she tripped over the body of her husband who had succumbed to a heart attack the night before. Not guilty of one crime but guilty of another.

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## A Day Without Him

By

Louise Hoskins

It was a gorgeous day. The rising sun filtered through the drapes and fell across her bed. Squinting, she opened her eyes and glanced around the room. The warm sunlight told her that it was time to get up. Lazily, she kicked off her covers and sat up. She yawned and stretched as she reached for her faded but practical bathrobe. She looked at the



closet. Once it had been full of uniforms, suits, and boots; now it contained only a few dresses.

Her stomach growled, reminding her that she was hungry. As though in a trance, she went through the motions of making the coffee. She looked out of the kitchen window. The backyard needed raking, the hedge needed trimming, and the small flower garden should be weeded.

"If Jim was here . . ."

There was the doorbell. It would be the paperboy coming for his money. She grabbed the money from the counter top and went to the front door. Opening the door, she saw the young boy. He was about eleven years old, had red hair and freckles. He smiled and thanked her, handed her the morning paper, hopped onto his bike and rode off.

"Jim had once said that he wanted a boy just like him."

She went back to the kitchen and poured herself a cup of coffee. She sat down and outlined her plans for the day. First, she had to go to all of the neighbors and return the cake pans, casseroles, and platters that had been left at her house the week before. She knew who most of them belonged to; the others would be kept until the owners came to retrieve them. And she musn't forget to throw out the rest of the dead flowers. Should she keep the vases, or throw **them** out, too? She could decide that later. Mr. Jacobs, the insurance agent, had asked her to call him. She could do that this afternoon.

After getting cleaned up, she put on her most cheerful sundress. As she brushed her light brown hair, she noticed how long it was getting. She looked at her reflection in the mirror.

"Jim said to let my hair grow. He's always liked it long." She brushed a few more strokes, fingering it gently.

"He says it feels like silk."

She looked closer into the mirror. The redness around the eyes had gone down. No one would suspect that she'd been crying unless they knew about last week.

It was eleven o'clock when she left the house carrying the bags of dishes. She loaded them into her Volkswagon and backed out of the driveway. She backed onto the dirt road and drove to the first home. She got out of her car, taking the correct plate with her, and, taking a deep breath, walked up to the door and knocked. Little Tommy Carpenter, five years old, came to see who it was. Without opening the screen door, he called for his mother. Mrs. Carpenter came to the door in a housedress and apron. After a few friendly, but somewhat uneasy, greetings and answers of "fine, thank you," and "if you need anything," she left. She sighed a sigh of relief; one down and a dozen to go.

"Jim always did like the country. He said the people were always friendlier. I guess he's right."

Mr. Carpenter said he'd help with any yard work. Mr. Smith said he'd be more than happy to help with any plumbing or electrical problems that might occur. Sally Johnson said she'd act as a policewoman or companion in case of fright or loneliness.

Arriving home, she steered the V.W. into the garage. As she climbed out of the car, she looked around her. Jim's golf clubs were still standing in the corner, and his bowling ball, too. She'd give those to his brother. The fishing tackle and pole she'd give to his dad. They hadn't wanted to take them right away. His mother had helped her clean out the closet, but the garage had been left untouched. His footlocker was there, too.

"Damn the war!"

She turned abruptly and walked straight into the house. But she saw him there, too. She saw him sitting in his favorite chair, she saw him stoking the fire, she saw him decorating the Christmas tree, she saw him leaving . . . then she fainted.

She woke up crying. Her heart and head were throbbing.

"Why?" she sobbed, "why?"

She sat up. She sat there on the floor until she had herself under control; then she stood up and walked outside into the clean August air. The sun warmed her chills, and the fresh air revived her. She walked down her driveway to the mailbox. Every Saturday she used to get a letter from Jim, but she'd get no more. Today she received nothing. She returned to the house. Sitting on the couch, she read the clipping from last week's paper:

"Funeral services were held yesterday for Sergeant James F. Sutton who was killed in action in Viet Nam on . . ."

And she cried.

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## The Vietnam Sonnet

by

Suzanne Torrey

Both Black and White, in peace, lie side by side,  
Their forms no longer given life by breath.  
To make the two unite in equal pride,  
War clasped their hands together in the death  
Of those who threatened with malevolence  
More great than prejudice had formed each day.  
In killing, Black and White found penitence;  
The light and dark became a blended grey.  
But youth had passed — when pureness might have led  
The old. In payment for the wasted years,  
At peace, grey soldiers lie in pools of red —  
While light and dark, divided shed grey tears.  
America must have a winter fight,  
Or heated summers — Black against the White.



# Survival

By

Samuel L. Chapman

Before the first snow-fall, Montana's green prairies lay sun parched yellow. And the despoliation of the sheep and cattle neared. Everyone dreaded the winter, for it always left destruction. One could hardly predict the out-come of these days but tried to prepare himself for the difficulties that followed.

During the winter the food for wild life became scanty, and this always presented a problem. Wolves came out of the mountain caves roaming the plains in search for food, killing livestock and occasionally humans. Many of the men became bounty hunters, and spent most of day tracking. Often they would be caught further from home than they had anticipated and night befell them there. For a rancher to kill a wolf was a necessary evil, rather than a sport. So often when one problem is being solved, another one presents itself . . . Perhaps this has something to do with the balance of nature. I don't know, but I do know that the unexpected appears in strange places.

At home on the ranch, the dark evening wind scattered the clouds, and the moon lit up the valley. A lone pariah howled mysteriously and crept down the mountain slope, gray with long slick winter fur bristled heavy about the neck. Huge, ugly, and vicious he stood in back of the ranch house, looking at the door. And in the meantime the wind flung the door open. And a young mother was awakened by the sudden noise and the cold wind that dipped from the ice-capped mountains. For a while she thought she would get up and shut the door, but hesitated when she heard a sound of rapid breathing coming from the kitchen. The lights were out and her children were asleep in the adjoining room. Under these circumstances she became terrorized by fear and was unable to move. Her throat tightened, the rhythmical beats of her breath quaked. And the loneliness of being defenseless surged over her, more when she realized her husband was not back. And that she and her children were housed with this strange thing that came in with the wind. A different anguish engulfed her when her baby began to cry. She wanted to scream, but could not. She was like a useless zombie gazing into the darkness. The baby continued to cry and the tenderness rang so weakly through the room. Sympathy, love and the will to safeguard her children constrained her to go beyond her own human frailty. The inner soul was touched, the everlasting superhuman part, the part that is more durable than the mountains and the hills. The part that can not flinch, not even in the shadows of death. That only secret part that holds the power of creation. Her countenance was radiant, and with the glint of great fortitude, she bounded from the bed, and placed herself in the face of the challenger.

When the lights were flashed on, there stood the deadly breather, the secret killer that lurked in the darkness with green consistency in his eyes. Normally the woman would have been taken by the terrible hypnotic stare or the deep threatening sound that came through his teeth. It crouched with stiff flanks trembling like a time-bomb that is set,

and ready to spring. Seeing this the woman knew that the time for her to act was limited, and having no standard weapon, her survival depended on the good use of her wit and the ability to utilize for a weapon the things that lay at her finger tips. She could not move. Her stillness kept the animal spellbound. At her hands was the night stand. On it were a radio, pack of cigarettes, ash tray and a lighter. She slowly lowered her hand to the radio and turned it on in the full. The blast broke the silence with a rock singer doing his thing in high spirit "Judy in Disguise" . . . . The wolf chilled, pulled back a step and looked around nervously. The sound of music rang on, louder and louder until it rattled the windows. "Judy in Disguise, Tell Me What You Are Shining in Disguise, Like A Brand New Star." The wolf closed his mouth, and with a confused expression, he slowly looked back at the door. The woman again reached down and picked up the cigarette lighter and flashed it on. And with the blazing fire she walked toward the frightened animal. He slowly crept backward until the last bit of courage left him, and he retreated in full flight for the wild cold yonder.

And now Montana's prairies lay white with snow. And the cold winds swept again from the mountains. And as the woman closed the door, a shot rang through the darkness. A moment later her husband walked in cheerfully shouting, "I got one . . . I got one." "You got what?" the woman asked. "A wolf," said the man. "Oh! . . . so you did," she said. And she paused a moment and with a slight smile said, "I got him first."

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## The Stagnant Brook

by

George Elliot

What good are the eyes if they cannot see  
Though they watch from the head  
Or a noble thought that comes to mind  
Untold, and then soon dead?

What good is the frozen waterfall  
If it does not run next spring  
Or the tender throats of the waterfowl  
If they should fail to sing?

What good is a dream unspent; untold  
Or a savourous rose in the desert  
If beauty blooms and not is sold  
What good will they be ever?

What good is the heart if it does not love?  
What good is the stagnant brook?  
What good is anything ever  
If no one stops to look?



# The Quest Has Not Ended, Not Yet

by

Patrick Francis Schutz

Smoke,  
Wrinkled elephants parade through my brain,  
Dense thick air, cooled by mood music,  
Problems seem immaterial,  
Fears appear useless,  
Opposites attract and converse,  
Color matters not.

Gray hazy fog clouds my mind,  
Leaving me in a state of unconscious consciousness,  
For once solutions are not searched for,  
Because problems are eradicated,  
Briefly.

Old boots are soft and shiny,  
I am comfortable and alone,  
In the midst of others who are also alone,  
But not entirely,  
Independently set off,  
Yet interdependent.

Joyous, yet somehow solemn,  
Thoughts float and surround,  
Heads turn and point out the direction,  
Beckoning me to follow.

Pink atmosphere with light blue trees,  
Beings talking, running, holding hands,  
Not Wishing, Fearing, Wondering, or Anticipating,  
Merely enjoying.

Then,  
Black Rhino appears and topples marble statues,  
Queasy feelings,  
Gray rays are emitted from minds,  
Senses go into action,  
Once again Hate and Anxiety are created.

Books appear,  
Brains function,  
Hands shake and search,  
People flock to the only remaining structure,  
A massive dance hall.

Escape was futile,  
But not fatal.

The pale brown hands that paged through the  
volumes are raised,  
Solution is discussed,  
Nervously.

The PARADISE is deserted again,  
The Black Rhino of Reality once again  
stands sentry at its entrance,  
It will be visited and brought to life again,  
In the future,  
But never again will it hold so many as it did  
this time,  
For the awesome creature that guards it,  
Has turned the thoughts of many,  
Already.

But we'll find another,  
Maybe that one will be the real one,  
Not an escape,

#### NOT AN ESCAPE

---

## Old Woman

by

John Owen

Each week death  
Comes a little closer  
To an old woman  
In a hospital bed

Each week eyes shine  
with less lustre  
And pain seems  
A more constant companion

A cigarette lit hopefully  
Pleasure remembered  
Burns itself out  
It, too, has run its course

Conversation never sprightly  
Now pauses as tired eyes close  
And breath comes slowly  
Through shrunken mouth

Her shriveled body lies  
Not forgotten  
Heedless of all else  
But discomfort



Hands warped into knots  
Skin hanging loose  
On protruding bones  
Death seems close

Each day a dreary round  
Of white uniforms and clean sheets  
Pills and unwanted meals  
Mark off the hours

A mind still functions  
Between brief rests  
Tired eyes look out  
And time stands still

---

## Soda Cap

by

Albert J. Lewandowski, Jr.

A bottlecap means  
Quenched thirst  
Friends  
Happiness

A bottlecap covers  
Bubbles  
Life  
Good times

A bottlecap is colored  
Red  
Blue  
Happy colors

A bottlecap makes  
Plunk  
Plink  
Happy sounds

A bottlecap is  
Thrown away.

# The United States Enters World War II

by

N. Knowlton

The observation has often been made that all history is written with a warped pen. What is truth for one is fiction for another, depending on ethnic, geographical, national prejudice and of course, the personal bias of the historian. The surprise attack at Pearl Harbor, more than any other event in our recent history, gives added weight to this adage. The two essays to be examined here begin with the same basic set of facts, yet through different interpretation, end with diametrically opposite views on the reasons for the United States' entry into World War II. The competent historian must use a fine objective sieve to trap the dross of conjecture, opinion and falsehood in order for his product to be as free from impurities as possible. The following analysis is an attempt to use this method.

Charles C. Tansill, in his essay, **The United States Moves to War Against Japan**, proposes the theory that President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Cordell Hull deliberately and with treasonous intent, maneuvered Japan into attacking the United States at Pearl Harbor. The author maintains that all the nation's foreign policy including the Chicago Quarantine speech, moral embargo, secret war plans with Great Britain, freezing of Japanese assets in the United States, Oil and other vital war materials embargo, the President's refusal to meet with Prince Konoye and finally our repeated warnings to Japan to end their invasion of China, was designed to provoke that country into war. Thus relieving the President of his campaign promise regarding American soldiers fighting on foreign soil and facilitating our entry into the European conflict.

Herbert Feis states in his essay, **War Came At Pearl Harbor: Suspicions Considered**, that this very same foreign policy identically detailed, was pursued in an effort to deter Japanese aggression in the Far East. Mr. Feis purposes that the country, wishing to extricate itself from the uncomfortable position of supplying oil to grease the Japanese war machine, enforced the embargo. Japan, however, with ample peacetime oil reserves, determined to move South and take the oil by force. The author concludes that of the two methods available regarding aggression, appeasement or opposition, the administration chose the latter, sincerely believing it was the best solution to the problem. Mr. Feis surmises that any nation deliberately enticing another to war would not be utterly surprised by attack.

In his paper explaining how President Roosevelt manipulated Japan into attacking the United States, Mr. Tansill takes advantage of his superior writing ability by weaving half truths, quotes out of context and unsupported, yet provocative statements into a whole-cloth of almost-believable veracity.

Mr. Tansill wastes no time in his assault. In the first paragraph of his essay, he casually inserts thoughts into President Roosevelt's mind. Mr. Tansill writes, "He (the President) was actually far more worried about party reverses at home than about Japanese movements in



Manchuria." The author never explained his omnipotent insight into a President's brain. On the second page of his paper Mr. Tansill makes the President's effort to arm the nation in 1938-39 resemble an international crime on a par with the Nazi extermination camps. The author cleverly supports this point by using a three-word quote by Mr. Roosevelt about getting into the war.

In support of his thesis that Japan was willing to sacrifice her gains in China in order to remain at peace with the United States, Mr. Tansill again uses a quote. He writes that General Moto, who was Japanese Director of the Central Bureau of Military Affairs, in a conference with religious leaders said, "he (the General) and his associates in the Japanese Army were in accord with efforts to reach a peace agreement." The author uses this vague statement made by a subordinate officer with no power to make Japanese foreign policy, as positive proof that the Japanese Army needed only a word from the United States before reembarking for Japan and leaving the Chinese mainland forever.

These random examples of pseudo-scholarly writing, among many found in the essay, serve to illustrate how a gifted writer can twist, hammer, soften and curl any given set of facts and shape them to fit his own purpose. A word, a line or an essay typeset and printed often can create a facade of respectability and truth that the contents do not deserve. Mr. Tansill has a deft and persuasive touch, but even this brightly-ribboned package cannot conceal the odor inside.

On the other hand Mr. Herbert Feis, while displaying less literary power in his essay defending the Roosevelt administration's handling of the Japanese crisis, does not resort to innuendo and character assassination to make his points. He uses facts as guides to enlighten a confusing and frightening period in our history.

Mr. Feis cites the Japanese High Command conference before the Emperor and various Japanese operational orders relative to the Pearl Harbor attack in refuting charges that the Pacific Fleet was used as bait. The author actually lays bare more damaging evidence in his effort to find the truth than does Mr. Tansill in his effort to twist it. A few examples of this open-handed examination are, a detailed digest of the ABC-I agreement between United States and Great Britain, the war diaries of Secretaries Ickes and Morgenthau expressing their desires to enter war, the proposed meeting of Prince Konoye and President Roosevelt and the final negotiations in November 1941. Mr. Feis, unlike Mr. Tansill, labels his opinions on other people's thoughts. On the sixth page of his paper he writes, "This seems to have been the thought uppermost in Hull's mind . . ." He also clearly identifies his conjectures, as is seen in paragraph 3 of the same page where the purpose of the nation's foreign policy is being discussed.

A careful perusal of the essays makes it clear that Mr. Tansill's purpose was to dramatically indict, using occasional facts as slippery stones for the unwary. While Mr. Feis conducted an honest in-depth probe to illuminate, not inflame, a controversial subject.

Given the facts and opinions presented in both essays it is apparent that the United States did not maneuver Japan into attacking Pearl Harbor. U. S. foreign policy at that time was in very precarious

balance. Most of the country's thoughts and energies were directed West, to Europe where England battled for survival. It was never the administration's intention to involve the nation in a two-front war. Consequently it was necessary to maintain a firm posture in the East without resorting to armed force. All the actions taken, starting with President Roosevelt's Chicago speech to warn the nation of impending danger, his repeated warnings to Japan to cease operations in China, the monetary freeze and oil and scrap iron embargo were designed to deter Japanese aggression. The alternative of appeasement was unthinkable at this time, for the scent of Munich was still in the air. The reason this avowed policy of "brinkmanship" failed is clear. The Japanese government, controlled by the military embarked on a course to dominate the Far East and never tacked or trimmed sail, but with oriental fatalism steered hull-down into a collision with the United States.

As for the Pearl Harbor attack itself, there is certainly grounds for charging gross stupidity, carelessness and negligence, but none for treason. To use an analogy with a Western flavor, a cowboy facing a gunfight does not throw away his best pistol before the battle. The Pacific Fleet was this country's best pistol in the Far East, and the suggestion that it was deliberately destroyed is too ridiculous for comment.

The haunting thought remains that if the Fleet's aircraft carriers had been caught at Pearl Harbor, this essay might have been written in a different language with a different ending.

#### SOURCES OF 2 ESSAYS ANALYSED

*The United States Moves to War Against Japan* by Charles C. Tansill.

*War Came at Pearl Harbor: Suspicions Considered* by Herbert Feis.

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**Sam**

by

**Myrna L. M. Turnbull**

I remember the day that Sam came into our lives. His official name was Samuel P. Cat, (P. standing for Puss), but his family and friends affectionately called him Sam.

We lived in the township then, in an area that was a veritable wilderness. Nature had not been entirely kind to the kitten. A dirty, scrawny, little animal, he had such severe malnutrition that his eyesight was faulty and his ribs were bare; an infection had puffed one ear into a small balloon, and his talents for survival had given him a king-sized inferiority complex.

My husband was less than enthusiastic about the potential addition to the family. When he entered the bedroom, Sam was curled up with me on the bed purring ecstatically over the domestic comforts.



"Will you get that filthy animal off the bed?" my husband roared, "It's probably loaded with fleas."

"Humph," I said, "who ever heard of a person being bitten by fleas?"

Justice was on his side; the next morning I awakened covered with flea bites . . . they had dined solely on me though; he had not been bitten by one.

A regular diet and tender loving care did wonders for that animal, turning him into thirteen pounds of arrogant, egotistical cat who went from one escapade to another. My husband now endorsed Sam's mischiefs with much amusement and the sentiment that "we boys should stick together."

Sam's chief source of amusement in the country was to go hunting for "big game." He had the unhappy habit of bringing his booty home and proudly placing it at my feet. When I screeched and climbed upon a chair while his mouse was thrown out the door he became rather disgusted with the sport and decided that he would lead a happier existence as a City Cat. After all, his ingenuity and sophistication had grown with each passing day. With Sam's permission, we moved into a three-apartment building where things picked up considerably for him.

After due consideration, Sam decided that the first order of business should be to make the rounds of the various apartments to check out the menus. It was rather an important matter, too, that the neighbourhood should appreciate his genius and accord him the proper respect for feline of his stature. In no time at all everyone was eating out of his "paw," so to speak.

After a leisurely breakfast at home, followed by a small romp with his family, Sam would proceed to make the rounds. At Apartment-one he would give his little thump on the door and in no time at all a voice would say "Come in, Sam. What do you feel like having today?" Not one to be a glutton, he'd have a little nip of this or that, daintily lick his paws and be on his way. In Apartment-two he really had it made as the family were Danish and had appetites for little delicacies such as oysters and smoked eel. With them, he made that little extra effort to be particularly debonair when he gained admittance. Before long, the door would open and we'd hear a voice say "Sammy darling, come in . . . would the kitty like a little smoked eel?" By this time, if he wasn't completely satiated he would try his hand at the house next door and finally wend his way happily to his own home for an after-morning-breakfasts-nap.

This tremendous success as a "people charmer" made Sam decide to broaden his horizons; to take over the territory and run the lives of all the other neighbourhood cats. By now, of course, the ear had healed and shrivelled up giving him the look of a well-travelled cat who could take on anything without a twitch of a whisker. Sam proceeded to chase the other cats from the neighborhood and to closely guard "his" domain.

In this particular area we nearly came to blows with him. We lived on the second floor of the building and Sam did not have a penchant for inclement weather. He did not, however, consider shirking

his guard duty; back and forth he would pace along the inside windowsill of our bedroom, his luminous green eyes peering into the darkness as we tried to sleep. Any slight rustling within his territory would arouse him to a state of fury as he emitted a series of hisses and low guttural growls and demanded that he be let out immediately. If we feigned sleep, the monster would leap to the bookcase on the bed, pace rapidly back and forth demanding a hearing, and, this failing, he would walk up our stomachs, lick our faces and insist upon immediate attention.

Like any good cat, Sam had a great appetite for fish, and in this connection he made an enemy.

The commercial window-washers, who lived in a house directly behind us, decided to build a rather elegant sunken fish pond in their backyard. Sam, unfortunately, had an excellent vantage point from his favorite window. Water had always held a fatal fascination for Sam, and the golden flashes of fins in the sunlight did much to stimulate that cat's interest.

Out of the corner of an eye we'd see the "big hunter" stealthily stalking small prey through the reedy grasses, pretending that there were other conquests than fish awaiting him. Suddenly, he would materialize from nowhere . . . there he'd be, stretched languidly along the side of the pool in the sunlight with his eyes closed almost to slits, pretending total disinterest in his surroundings. As an unsuspecting fish would surface, it would be impaled on the talon-like claws. Sam, in true gourmet fashion, would eat the tasty morsel leaving behind the tiny skeleton, head and tail for the owners, a token of his visit. Of course they complained, but what can one say? Isn't fish-eating a natural instinct for cats?

But their troubles were not over with our cat Sam. After replenishing the fish for several weeks, they decided to invest in a ferocious German Shepherd, (watchguard of the realm, so to speak.)

Sam was not impressed. He ignored the dog totally until it finally trapped him into an eye-to-eye combat. Sam was victorious, and the poor dog went home whimpering with his tail between his legs, a scratched face and a bloody nose. From that day on, when our arrogant cat strutted into the next yard the dog whimpered and took off for parts unknown.

Sam would once again indulge himself in his favorite pastime; stretching languidly along the side of the pool, basking in the sunlight: he would watch the fish swim by.



# My Imaginary Storage Box

by

Patricia Cross

When I am old and my hair has turned quietly to silver, and I am too weak with age to perform a task any greater than rocking to and fro in my favorite chair, I shall have, sitting beside me in my imagination, a small, inconspicuous box. It will not be bright with color and ornamentation, nor luminous with beauty and grandeur—not on the outside, that is—for upon opening it I will release all the beauty and grandeur I have ever known—for it will be a storage box full of my fondest memories. Only I will have the combination for opening it, for only I will have had the power to fill it with my deepest thoughts. It will have separate compartments—each marked appropriately —“Childhood,” “Maturity,” and “Later Years.” When I am in the most depressed and lonely period of my life, I will merely open the imaginary lock and release these exquisite memorabilia and completely absorb myself in its contents.

I will remove the box labeled “Childhood” and remember my summer days at the house I grew up in. I will recall the large, sturdy oak tree whose limbs still must whisper to the wind the childhood dreams and secrets implanted in them. I will envision the lovely rose trellises that seemed to be the main support of our shabby, frame home. I will smell the sweet scent of lily-of-the-valley and once again find myself lying on my back in a nearby field of soft daisies, lost in a world of dreams and staring at the blue, blue heavens above me. I will ponder my destiny as I did then and remember reading William Faulkner’s “The Bear” and the passage that seemed to be true of all men’s destiny and heritage—“Courage, and honor, and pride . . . and love of justice and liberty. They all touch the heart and what the heart holds to becomes truth as far as we know the truth . . .”

When I have made use of all the memoranda available of my childhood, I will then turn to the box marked “Maturity.” I will be able to see my husband and me as we were when we were first married— young and eager and unsuspecting of the perplexities that life brings. I will remember our firstborn and the mistakes we both “learned by” in raising her. I will remember the uncertainties we experienced in raising all of our children, and how we became even more uncertain in our decisions as they grew older and the decisions became more vital. And I will remember the day I realized that we, as mere human beings, can only perform life’s duties to the best of our abilities, and striving for perfection only leads to frustrations and feelings of personal unworthiness.

When I have drained every last bit of thought possible out of this box, and have returned it carefully to its proper compartment, I will then turn to the box labeled “Later Years.” I will see myself stepping aside from the cycle of active existence and making room for this new generation of mortals we fathered and nurtured into independent human beings, and allowing them to take over the supervision of their endowed environment, watching them, in turn, strive for a better way of existence for their offspring. I will wonder if the cultures that I presented to my

children in raising them will, in turn, be carried on through future generations, or if they will be discarded as out-moded or unfitting in the future world. I will accept the fact that life changes with time, and recall the passage from John Updike's "Boyhood in the 1940's" that reads: "It has taken me the shock of many returnings . . . to learn . . . that change is the order of things."

At last, when the memoirs of my mind have satisfied my emotional needs and I am once again fulfilled, I will close the lid on the storage box of memories and assume my position in the rocking chair, pick up my knitting, and smile a bit. I will hold fitting and true the words of St. Augustine, who, in his essay "The Power of Memory" wrote: "Behold in the plains, and caves, and caverns of my memory, innumerable and innumerable full of innumerable kinds of things . . . over all these do I run, I fly; I dive on this side and on that, as far as I can, and there is no end. So great is the force of memory, so great the force of life, even in the mortal life of man."

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## Basement Campout

by

Laura Bryce

How often do people today consider what it was like to live before electricity became such an important part of our lives. No doubt none of us do, since electricity is just another modern convenience we automatically take for granted; that is until suddenly the electricity goes off. Then begins the seemingly logical reasoning that surely the electric power cannot stay off long, as if to say, "I won't allow it."

It was amusing to see how the children reacted to being without electricity. Oblivious to the cold house, the three children all ran to the parents' bedroom early that fateful Saturday morning, all exclaiming at once, "the television doesn't work, it must be broke." They didn't notice that the lights did not work either. Everything else is sort of non-essential, that is except the television.

Our first consideration, just as man's first concern has been since the beginning of time, was how to keep warm. This necessitated a move to the basement, where our recent Christmas present, a Franklin stove, became the focal point of all activity for the next three and a half days. Settling down in front of the open fire, this unexpected turn of events became an ideal opportunity to catch up on my reading, almost delighted at the prospect of postponing my housework.

The first day and evening without electricity was a real adventure for our family. The day was spent playing on the ice, while taking time out to collect enough ice to melt down for our water supply. Our evening meal was festive with the glow of candlelight flickering over our feast of hotdogs, cold beans, and potato chips. Soft drinks replaced water, especially for the children when the only other choice was milk. With sleeping accommodations arranged, taking into considera-



tion the dog, who considered the whole basement his private domain, we settled down for what we thought would be a long night's sleep. Woodburning fireplaces, unfortunately don't operate automatically, and the cry of "put more wood on the fire" was heard every three hours or so. Daddy was elected for this unending chore, mainly at mother's persistent urging. The one thing we couldn't possibly allow was to let the fire go out, especially if mother had to try to light it.

After the necessary housekeeping chores were taken care of in the morning and the dishes stacked, a mass wash-in was held later. The most appropriate way to spend the time was playing outside with the children. Tobogganing and ice skating were the order for the day. The only problem with tobogganing, pulling the toboggan back up the hill, was cleverly solved, or so I thought, by tying it to the dog, who incidently is big enough to pull two children on a toboggan. The activity stopped only long enough to return to the basement to keep the fire going.

Cooking over the open fire was a nice change, for about the first two meals. Surprisingly, or maybe expectedly, the children thought mother's cooking was better over the fire than usual. One thing was certain, they ate more.

The novelty of camping out in the basement began to wear out about the third night, which gratefully was the last night of our unplanned winter campout. With the last streams of daylight coming through those small basement windows very very early in the evening, the dwindling supply of candles was lit and flashlights hunted up.

Entertaining the children after dark became something of a challenge. The story hour, with frequent admonishings to pay attention, continued for quite some time. Bedtime came early, with mother being thankful not to have to compete with the television for a change.

Our grocery supply disappeared so fast that almost daily trips to town for groceries were necessary. On one of these return trips lights were noticed in the neighborhood. Upon arrival at home, the children raced into the house, not stopping to try the lights switches, which they had been doing at regular intervals, but instead making a bee-line directly for the television set.

So our three-day experience ended right where it began, for the children anyway, right in front of the television set. Not so for mother and father—the sometimes pleasant, sometimes frustrating experience of being without electricity for three and a half days was over and it was back to the old grind. This little interlude makes one appreciative of the many things we simply take for granted anymore. Flipping that switch and seeing the lights come on, and watching water again flow from the faucet were welcome sights. Candlelight may be romantic but it's hard to watch T.V. by, so nodded the children in agreement.

# One Kind of Hero

by

Josephine O'Reilly

The man of whom I write has known the hell of two wars, but by the grace of God, has only shrapnel scars to show for them. I am sure that there are mental scars also that are hidden in the recesses of his mind.

When America entered World War II, he enlisted in the army and was assigned to an infantry division. Upon completion of basic training and a quick trip home for a final good-bye, his outfit embarked for Europe. Upon landing they began the march across Germany, from Aachen to the Roer River, then the Rhine and the Elbe rivers, the month upon month of horror and death and destruction now almost forgotten in the wake of new wars. When hostilities ceased, he was not sent home immediately, but remained for another year to act as an interpreter.

When finally he received his discharge, his home-coming was marred by the death of his mother. This was a terrible blow to him, and coming as it did on top of the tragedy that he had left behind him, it shook him to the core of his being. He never made a complete rehabilitation. One year of the eight-to-five routine of civilian life convinced him that it was not for him. He rejoined the army with the purpose of making a career of it.

When the United States sent troops into Korea, his unit was one of the first to go there. He never talked much about combat, but of Korea he said that it was just one bad smell.

After the truce with North Korea had been negotiated, he was sent home, a tired and visibly older man. Between shrapnel wounds and a bout with hepatitis his strength was depleted, but after a few months of rest his boundless energy was restored. For a couple years he was stationed in his home city. He married and for a little while he lived like any other John Doe.

When his "stateside" assignment was ended, he received orders to report to Italy. He was able to take his wife with him, and those two years were a joy. There was enough leisure time for them to explore Italy like a couple of tourists. He was working in the office of public information and turned into quite the diplomat when it came to dealing with the excitable Italians. In fact, he did such a good job that he was given the highest award that the army bestows during peace time.

Just before they left Italy, his wife was taken ill, and it was discovered that she had cancer. They were flown home, and there ensued two years of pain and sorrow. His great compassion during this period marked him as a big man. When she died he was plunged into a deep abyss of gloom. He took on added work to assuage the pain, and eventually the world looked a little brighter. Two years later he met a lovely girl and remarried. With retirement coming into sight, he bought a home and was awaiting the birth of his first child, when his Uncle Sam decided that there was one more job for him to do before



they could let him go. He was sent to a college in New Rochelle, New York, for intensive training in the operation of a radio and television station. While he was going to school his son was born, and he drove home every weekend for what he called the diaper detail. He was heartsick when he had to leave his little family and go back to, of all places, Korea. Since the duty was to be for only a year, he made the best of it. It was not so war-like in appearance as it was when he was there before. He took over the operation of station A. F. K. N. (American Forces Korean Network) in Seoul, and it proved to be a wonderful experience. He spent all of his spare time at the orphanage, for the poor innocent little victims of the war touched him to the quick, especially when he would think of his own little boy so safe and so wanted. After he had attended one of the meetings at Panmunjon, he knew that peace was not yet at hand for that poor torn-up little country.

His one year of duty stretched into sixteen months before he was relieved. The day came at last when hung up his uniform for the last time and turned in his sword for a fountainpen. Twenty-five years of a checkered army career had molded him into a mature, keen man, and now all he wanted was a job as a news reporter. He had to keep his fingers on the pulse of this country of his.

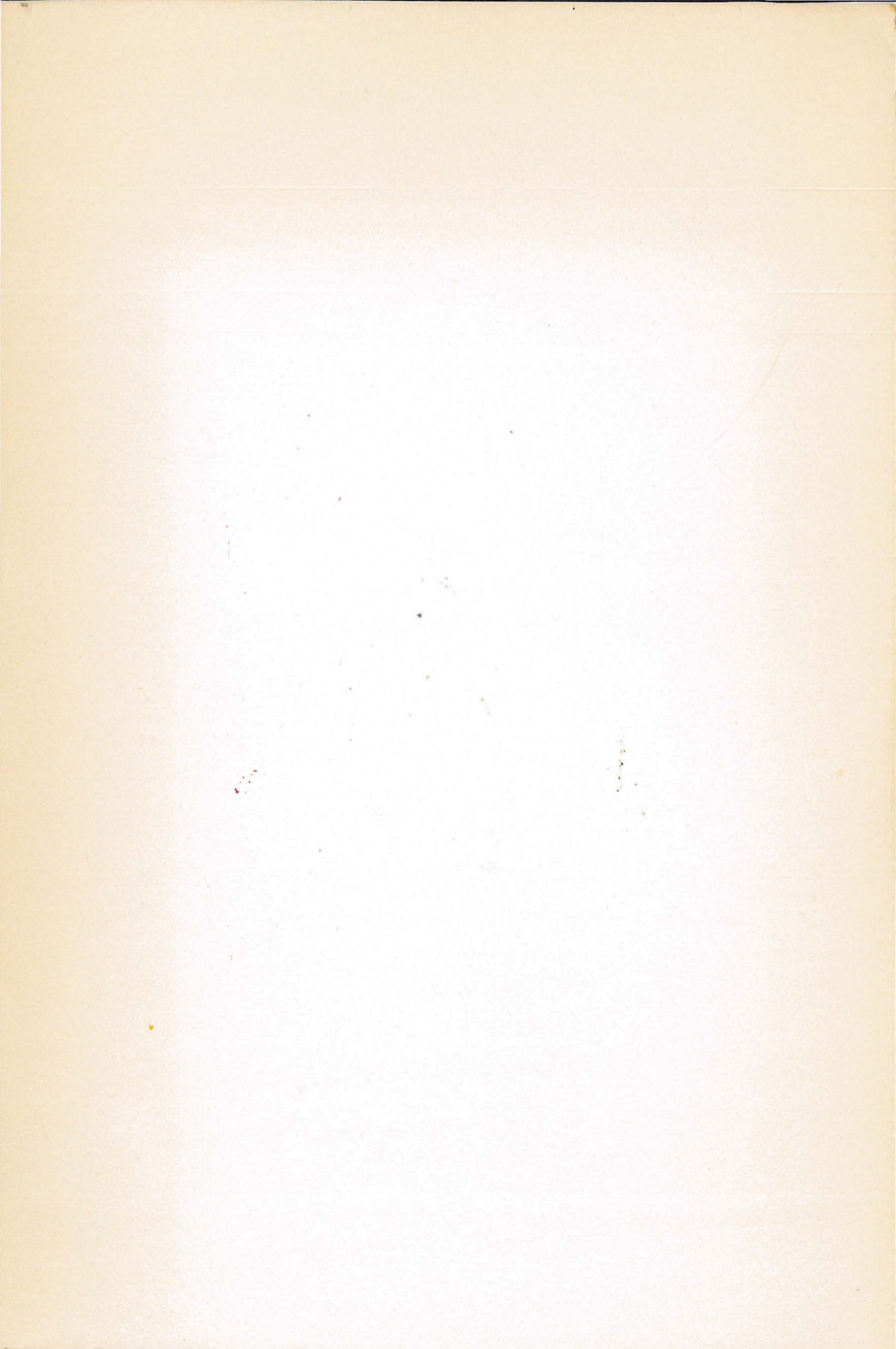
"For God and Country" was not just a motto to him; it was a creed. A deep and abiding faith in both had carried him through many dark hours. I have a warm feeling of pride in this younger brother of mine who still refuses to sit and not become involved.

This eleventh annual issue of *Patterns* cannot go by without a special word of appreciation to Miss Blanche Redman.

Blanche Redman is *Patterns*. She began this highly respected college literary magazine eleven years ago and she has devoted uncounted hours in working out every detail to make this magazine the success that it is. She has encouraged every student who has submitted entries. She has seen over those eleven years the glow of pride on the faces of many who have been published for the first time in *Patterns*. She has kept in contact with the authors published in *Patterns* and has seen many of them continue to succeed in future writing. Without her, none of the many letters of congratulations would have come from individuals of every rank in colleges throughout the land. Miss Redman has truly made *Patterns* the high caliber, creative magazine it has grown to be.

The college is proud of *Patterns* and is equally proud of this selfless and dedicated educator who has made it what it is.





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